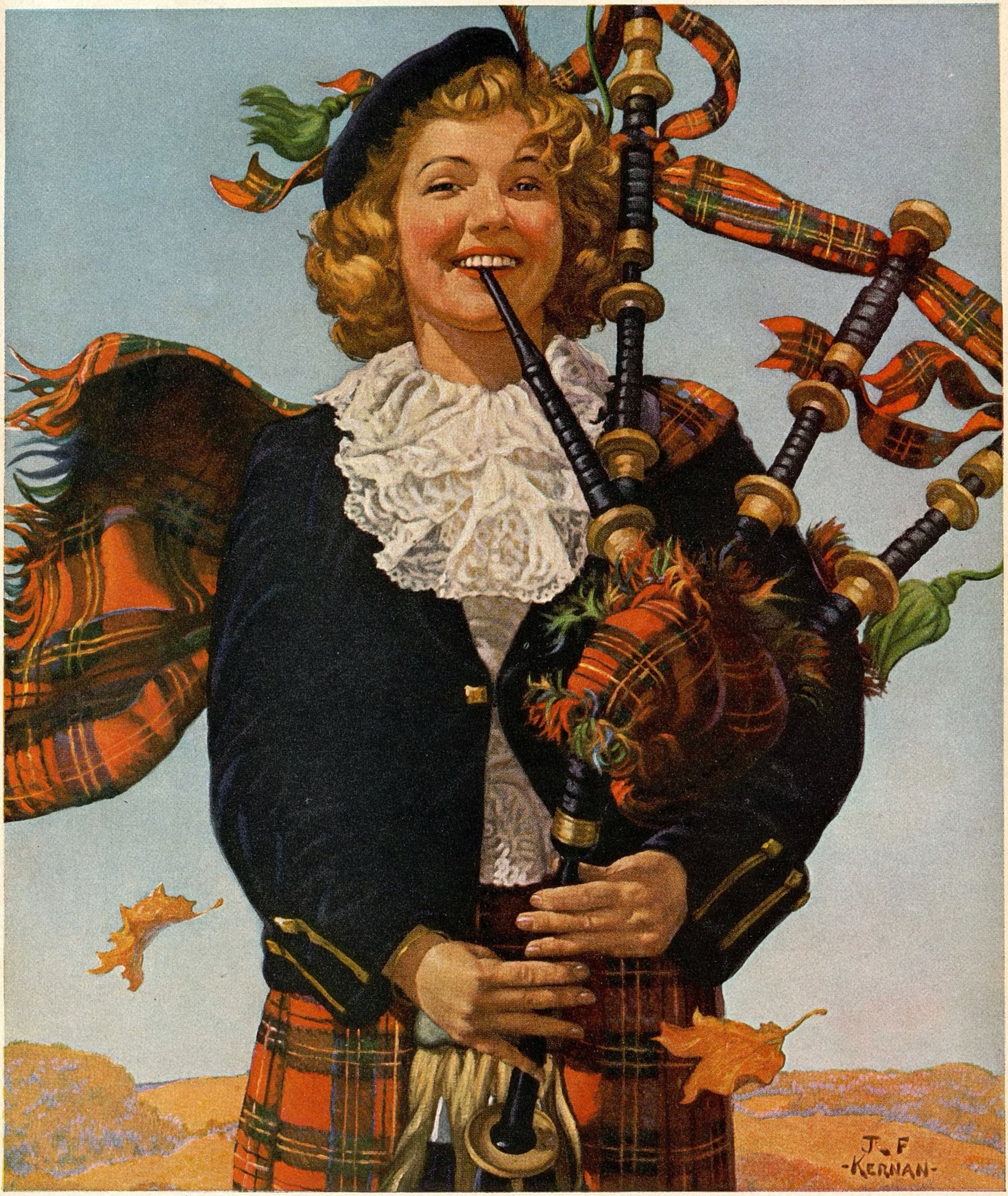
C. 7, 1940

# Liberty

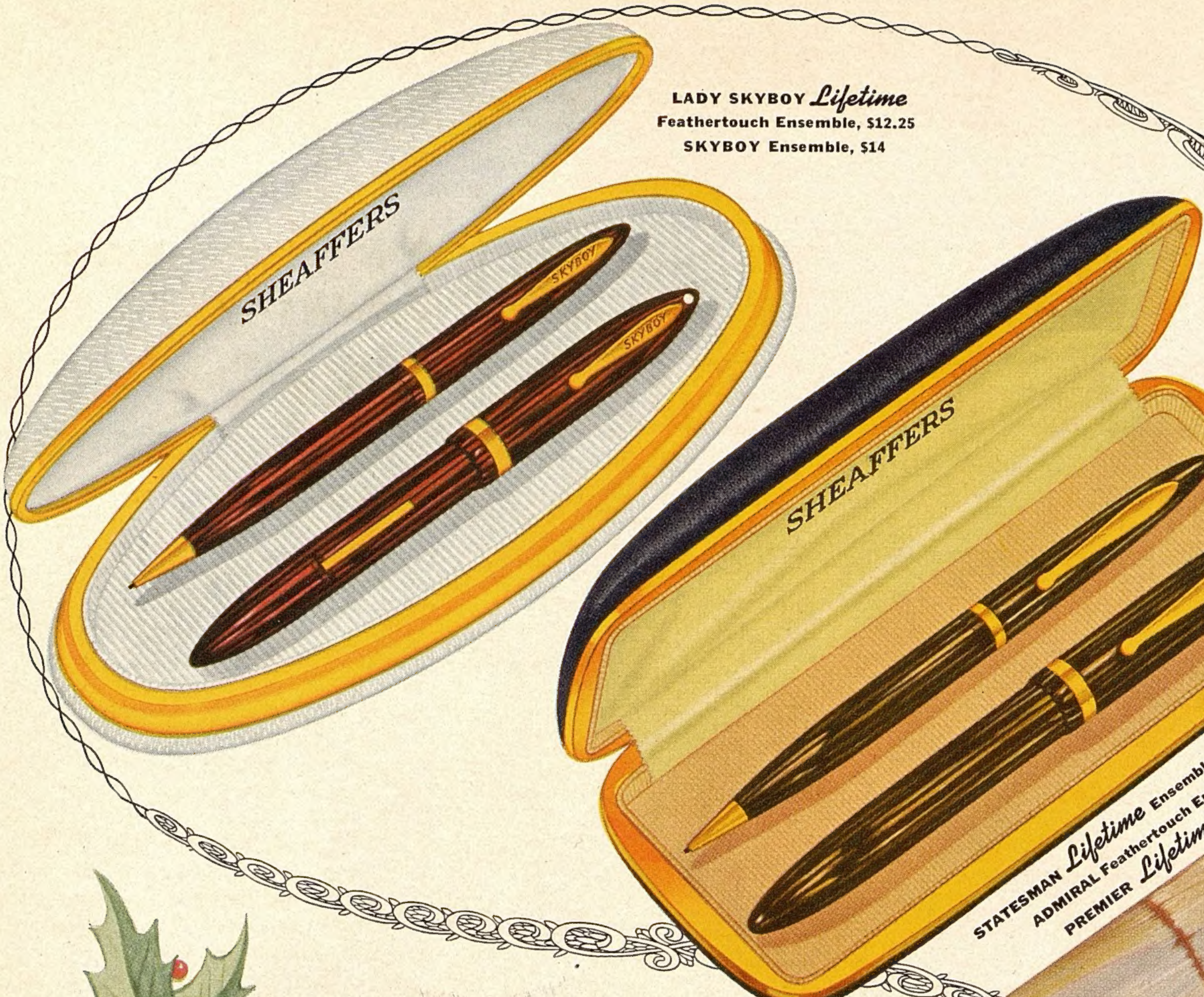
5¢

THE AMERICAN
WAY OF LIFE



**EATH WAITS FOR A LADY** A STARTLING NEW NOVEL OF LOVE AND BAFFLING MYSTERY **by Whitman Chambers**

**AS THE ELECTION A MANDATE? WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN NOW? By Walter Karig**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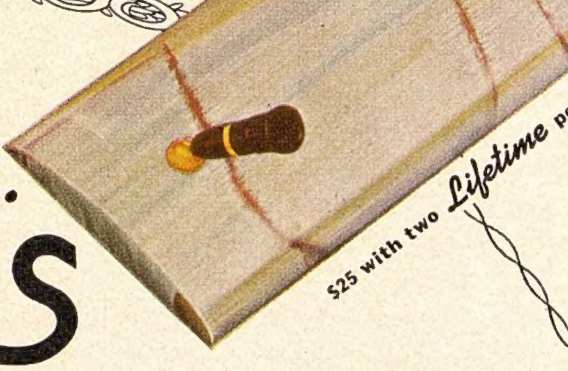
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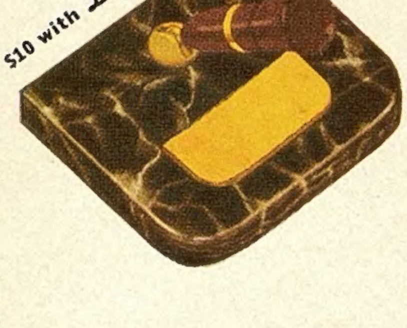
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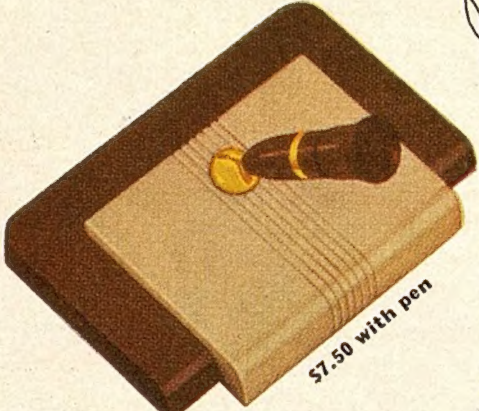
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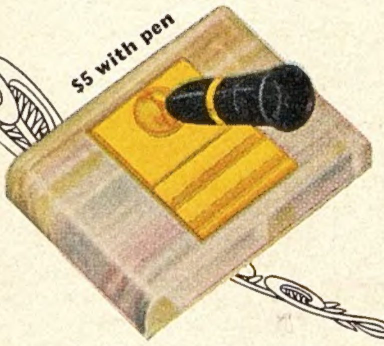

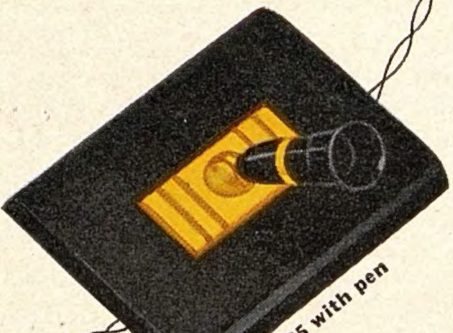

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DECEMBER 7, 1940

Liberty

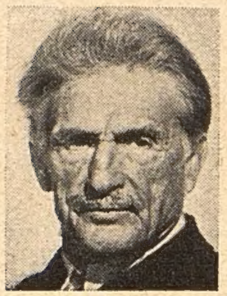
VOL. 17, NO. 49

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

# PRUDERY—THE MALIGNANT FOE OF CHRISTIANITY



BERNARR MACFADDEN

At a time when our nation most needs faith in God, there persists a trend to revive what experience has taught us is Christianity's menace—prudery. From many sides we see attempts to establish various taboos in reference to sex and natural phases of physical life.

Never in history has this tendency needed such a vigorous challenge. Although prudery has done much to help turn some nations into Christian-haters, there remain elements in this country today which refuse to heed the warning that they are weakening the faith of the truly religious.

Russia and Germany have rejected the teachings of Christianity, except those which glorify physical development. And these they have unchristianly turned to their own warlike advantages.

In Germany, even before Hitler came into power, every possible means of encouraging the people to build their physical resources were adopted. Almost the same can be said of Russia. The first step of the dictators was to abolish prudish taboos. Since some of these taboos had been forced upon the people by fanatics, under guise of Christian effort, the dictators' blows fell upon the Church too.

In their reaction toward these taboos they swung to excesses—the lowest human instincts were followed to a large extent in the early part of the present Russian regime. Divorces were allowed on request. Marriage could be contracted one day and annulled the next. From these destructive excesses there has been a slight swing back to a recognition of the importance of home building.

A nation of people which has a bulwark of homes and stable families has extraordinary advantages. True Christianity especially encourages the building of homes and families, and our outstanding progress as a nation is undoubtedly partly due to this attitude. In the truly happy home there is a frank attitude toward the physiological facts of life.

It is the taboo against various phases of physical life which has given us an obscene conception of some of its physiological functions, and this has been a powerful devitalizing force to all English-speaking peoples.

It is a natural inclination to be reticent about such subjects, but that should not prevent our endorsement of the command, "Know thyself." Our emotions should not be tainted with vulgarity but should be analyzed in all their detail. Marriage ought to be an open book to all those who enter this sacred relationship. Sex is the source of all life. We are all here because of this powerful urge.

Communistic Russia undoubtedly depends upon a frank attitude toward this subject for the building of racial power, and its officials frankly admit that one purpose of this power is to destroy the Christian religion.

If Hitler defeats England and dominates Europe, Christianity will have to prepare again to fight for its life. Hitler is Christianity's foe and the Christian nations will have to develop fine healthy bodies and souls to meet this onslaught.

Some churches now teach the facts of life and the physical relations of a man and his wife. Many ministers instruct prospective brides and grooms, and textbooks are prepared for use in class instruction. However, there are wide influences combating this tendency, and it is these which are a peril to the nation.

Civilization rises and falls. Human desires and appetites, when uncontrolled, often lead toward dissipation in all the so-called pleasures of life—eating, drinking, etc.—and when physiological functions are veiled in vulgar mystery, devitalizing excesses are encouraged. It is under such a cloak of vulgar mystery that sin has its greatest growth.

Christianity tells us that the body is God's temple—that we are made in the spiritual image of God. The Bible also tells us to glorify God in our bodies. Why should we consider God's temple and God's image, the soul, obscene? They become obscene only when malformed, ugly, or warped.

We should gird up our loins, make the effort necessary to uphold these valuable privileges, and these Biblical mandates must be properly respected if we are to be victorious over the threatening Communistic and Nazi hordes.

Bernarr Macfadden

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# VOX POP

*PERHAPS the most remarkable letter this week came from Italy, in which the writer mocked a Vox Popper of five years ago (are we long-lived!) for saying that Mussolini was another leaning tower of Pisa and would topple before the might of Haile Selassie.*

*The correspondent—a lady—further stated that she was born and bred in the United States, but became Italian after twenty years' thinking!*

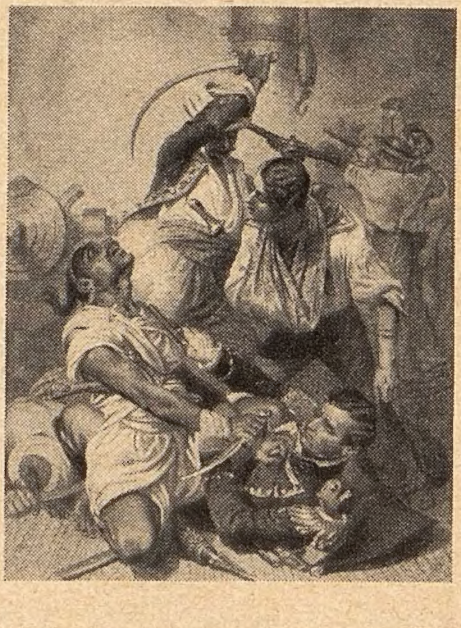
*To complete our astonishment, the Italian censor added a word to this communication in his own hand, declaring his approval of the lady and calling the rest of us " imbecilli Americani "!*—VOX POP EDITOR.

## WHAT AM I LIVING FOR?

COLUMBUS, OHIO—As a small shoe manufacturer in Columbus, Ohio, employing about 435 people, with a pay roll of approximately $750,000 annually, and having recently been checked and double-checked by the Internal Revenue Department and the Wage-and-Hour Division of the federal government, you will no doubt understand the thrill and pleasure I experienced in reading What Am I Living For? (October 5 Liberty.) —*W. T. Dickerson.*

## DECATUR AND PIRATES

SEA CLIFF, N. Y.—A real salute to Rupert Hughes for his When Pacifists Are Traitors (October 12 Liberty). He gave much reference to the ancient picture of the American naval hero, Stephen Decatur, and his battle with the pirates, as one of the examples his youth was nurtured on.



For years on end a reproduction of this Chappel painting has been in our family—since 1857. Possibly your Vox Poppers may be interested in this stirring, long-forgotten phase of American daring.—*(Mrs.) Marion Makay.*

[Thank you, Mrs. Makay. Many of our readers expressed an interest in this picture, and we're glad to give it space.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

## SHORT SHORT NICKELS

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. — Give us them Short Shorts or you're going to lose a lot of nickels from round these parts.

Who the heck wants those two-minute sneezes? Or snoozes?—*Student.*

## NEW MOON INVISIBLE

EL PASO, TEX.—Please tell me if the new moon has recently embarked upon a mission of aiding the lovelorn by backing up and peeping over the mountain at them and then resuming its westward journey, or is some one mistaken about the new moon coming up?

Recently I have read in two magazines, with world-wide circulation, wherein the author in describing a love scene had the new moon come up over the mountain just at the psychological moment. Again, John Garfield, in the picture Flowing Gold, speaks of the new moon coming up over the horizon!—*H. L. Boggs.*

[Mr. Boggs draws attention to the frequently forgotten fact that the new moon, strictly speaking, is in conjunction with the sun, so invisible. Commonly, the crescent moon is called "new."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

## LIABILITY FOR FIRES

BOSTON, MASS.—That is a splendid article by Edward Doherty in October 12 Liberty on the subject of personal liability for fires.

We are very grateful to you for this contribution to our cause. I am sure that the article will attract a great deal of favorable attention.—*Percy Bugbee, General Manager, National Fire Protection Association.*

## A WOMAN SETTLES IT

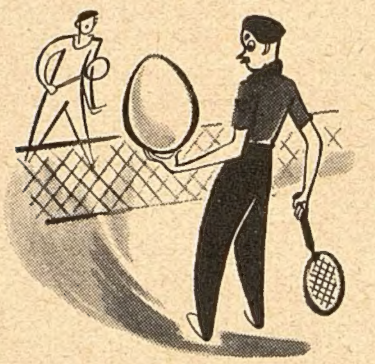
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Edwin Warner (October 12 Vox Pop) complains of the number of letters praising Bernarr Macfadden's editorials, and wants to see some letters from people who disagree with him. I would like to ask, *what intelligent person could?—Violet Valentine.*

## TENNIS "LOVE" AN EGG

AKRON, OHIO—Don't you think a better answer to the origin of the word "love" in tennis (October 26 Twenty Questions) is:

Tennis originated or had much of its early history in France.

The name tennis is a corruption of the French *tennez* (take), said before serving.



So, in scoring, "love" is a corruption of *l'oeuf* (egg)—a French slang term for zero, just as we say "goose egg."—*William B. Beck.*

## GOOD PAROLE IDEA?

FORT STEILACOOM, WASH.—On Parole (October 5 Liberty) fascinated me. There is just one thing I would like to ask:

If pardon and parole should be taken from governors and the President and the case of any deserving prisoner be referred back to judge and jury, would it not go a long way toward remedying the present vicious system so ably outlined by Mr. Kennard in this article?—*Herman S. Judd, M. D.*

## GERMAN WAR TERMS

ALLENHURST, N. J.—I should like to object strenuously to the current trend of injecting German expressions into our English language. I make reference to the repeated use of the words blitz, blitzkrieg, Stuka, and lately Luftwaffe. Why newspaper and magazine writers cannot find adequate English words to express themselves, I fail to see. I presume that the dictator rats are highly elated when they note this trend.—*Robert McMichael.*

## SAY IT WITH WINGS

MANHATTAN BEACH, CALIF.—No one wants to and nobody can take away from Lindbergh his memorable flight, but a number of Americans think he can best serve the country he holds so dear (he says so) by helping to instruct some of the young flyers instead of saying a lot of things about which he is not reliably informed.—*Charles Coleman.*

## WHERE KIDS TALK RANK

ATLANTA, GA.—Both Ima Rebel (August 17 Vox Pop) and An Old-Timer (October 26 Vox Pop) said a "mouthful" commenting on "petticoat politics in the armed services," but neither commented on the snobbish *children.*

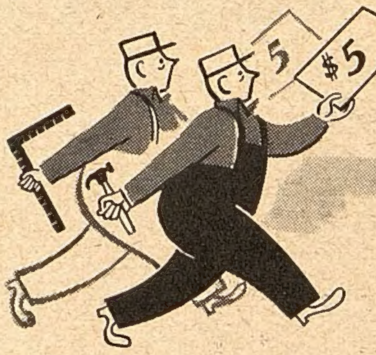
A Civil Service employee living on an army post gets the "low-down" on *all* the army personnel. Even the children talk "rank"—the general's daughter is "the ranking child on the post," the chief of staff's daughter next ranking, and so on down the line. *They,* the ranking children, speak with disdain of the noncommissioned officers' children as "noncommissioned children" and don't associate with them.

So the "noncommissioned children" consider themselves superior to the enlisted men's children, who are spoken of as "soapsuds row" children.—*J. R. B.*

## FIVE-SPOTS VANISH

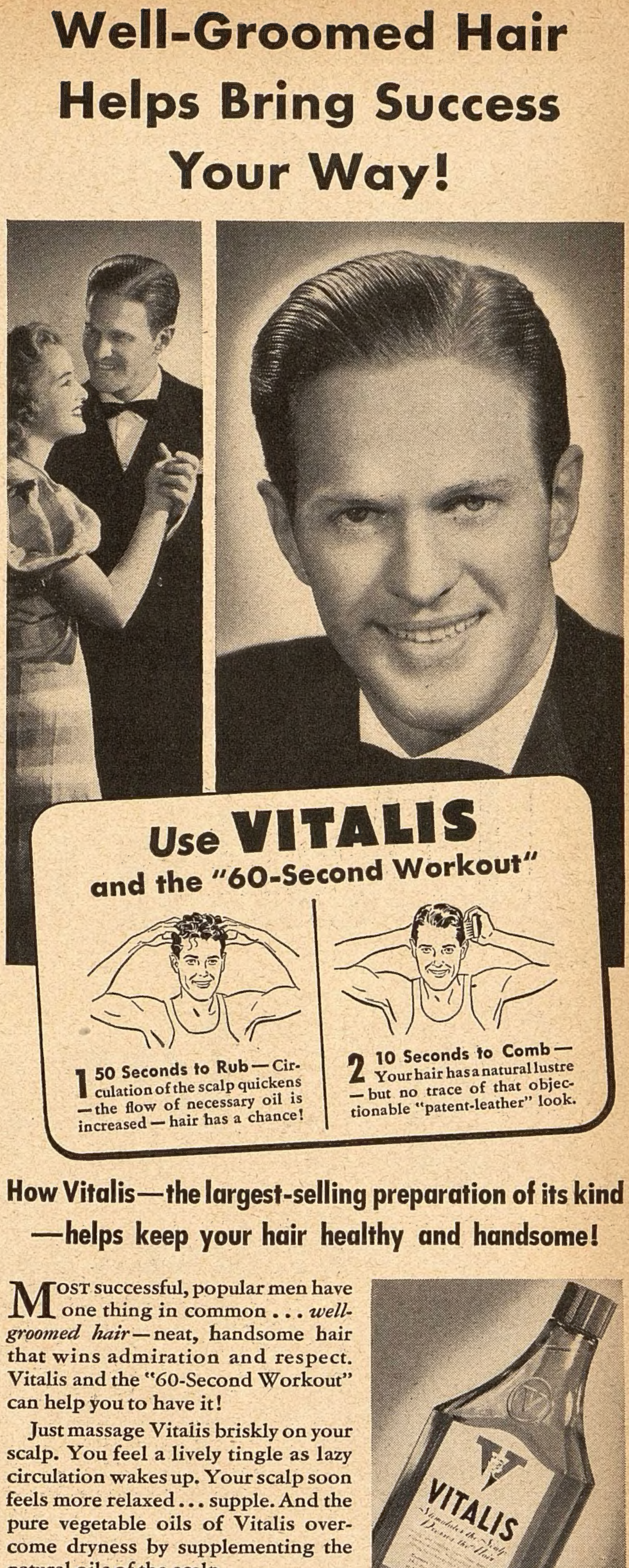
BATON ROUGE, LA.—Send Eddie Doherty to Hattiesburg, Mississippi, where the government is building barracks for the army.

Of course every man who could drive a nail or handle a saw rushed there for a job as carpenter—but here's the low-down:



The contractor sends applicants to the United States employment office, which turns you over to the union, which charges you five dollars to register—but does not promise you a job. If you get a job, they take one dollar a day for twenty days for the union. (The five-spot is gone, if you do or do not get work.)

And there is a line blocks long with their fivers—usually borrowed.—*L. R. Cain.*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# *Beginning*

# Death waits for a Lady

### BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

Author of Thirteen Steps, Hearts in Danger, etc.

**READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 50 SECONDS**

## PART ONE—THE LOST BRIGANTINE'S SECRET

ALBERT was worried. He had been worried for the last hour, ever since we crossed the bar and started up the lee side of Fiddler Cay. His eyes rolled slowly back and forth as he studied the dirty-looking water. The lines in his bleak black face, carved there by fifty years of trade winds and hot Bahama suns, grew sharply deeper.

"How much further, Albert?"

His big soiled cracked hands played on the spokes gently and yet with assurance, and the yawl White Heron swung sweetly around a nasty coral head which I hadn't even seen.

"Mebbe two hours, cap'n," Albert replied.

"It will be pitch-dark in thirty minutes."

Albert nodded gravely. He cocked his head and I saw the bloodshot whites of his eyes as he stared at the clouds scudding in the northeast.

"Dis wind mebbe 'aul any time now."

That was all he said, but I knew why he was worried. If the wind hauled at all, it would swing into the northwest. It would undoubtedly freshen, might even blow up a gale. And we'd be caught on the lee shore of Fiddler Cay.

"Then we should go on. We should make Little Harbor before we anchor."

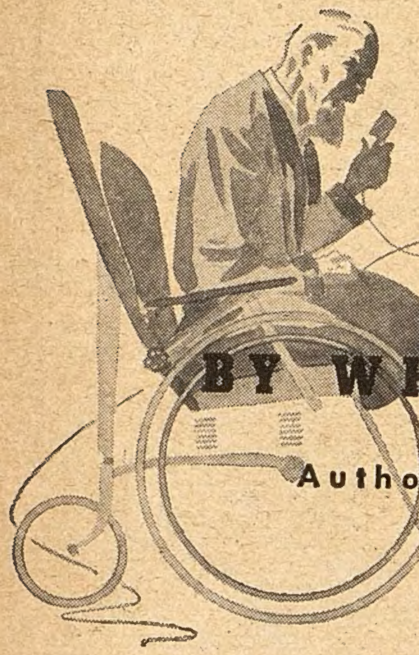
"Yaas, cap'n," Albert agreed unhappily. "We should make Li'l' 'Arbor."

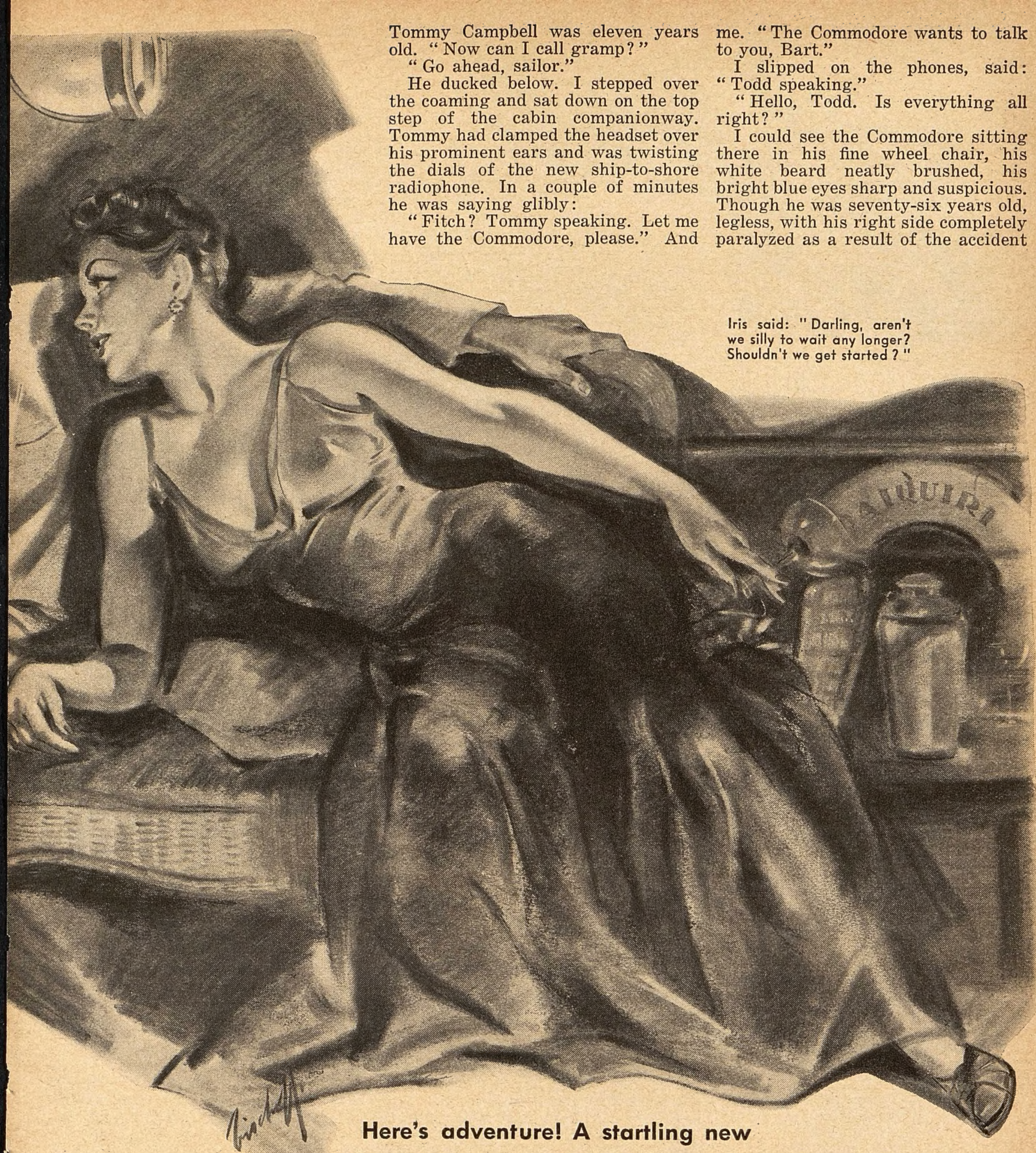
That, of course, was crazy. Anybody who has been in that section of the Bahamas would tell you it was crazy, because there are no buoys, no beacons, no lights, no accurate charts—and nowhere in the world is there more dangerous water. In daylight you can see and avoid the coral heads, the reefs, and the shoals. But when night comes you anchor. You anchor—or else. And how could we anchor on what soon might be a lee shore, with the coral so thick we couldn't veer fifty feet of line without backing onto a reef? We had to go on and trust to Albert.

Forward, Killer was putting the stops on the jib, working slowly and patiently, making a nice harbor furl out of the job. Killer wasn't worried. Killer never worried. Fifteen years in the ring had done that much for him, anyway. He wore only his faded red fighting trunks, and I sat for a moment admiring his fine muscles rippling under the smooth tanned skin.

Two or three miles to the westward, stretching along the horizon as far as I could see, lay Hubbard Cay. The thin line of land, the scattered clumps of coco palms, stood out sharp and black against the sunset clouds, like an India-ink drawing on red paper. The water between was mottled, gray and red, brown and yellow and white, with here and there spots of bilious green. It was bad water.

To starboard lay Fiddler Cay, so close I could have thrown a rock into the matted dirty-yellow marsh grass. The surf, lashed by this three-day northeaster, was pounding heavily on





Iris said: "Darling, aren't we silly to wait any longer? Shouldn't we get started?"

**Here's adventure! A startling new novel of love and baffling mystery**

the far side of the narrow island.

I took out a pack of cigarettes and lighted two of them. As I was handing one to Albert, Tommy Campbell popped up the companionway.

"It's four bells, sir," he announced, "and I marked our six-o'clock position on the chart. The barometer reads thirty nought eight. I just checked the oil and put in one quart. Motor temperature one seventy. Everything is well in hand, sir." Tommy Campbell was eleven years old. "Now can I call gramp?"

"Go ahead, sailor."

He ducked below. I stepped over the coaming and sat down on the top step of the cabin companionway. Tommy had clamped the headset over his prominent ears and was twisting the dials of the new ship-to-shore radiophone. In a couple of minutes he was saying glibly:

"Fitch? Tommy speaking. Let me have the Commodore, please." And after a few moments: "Ahoy, Commodore. This is the Thomas Campbell Treasure Hunting Expedition checking in, sir. How you been today, gramp? . . . Oh, swell. We made a fine run. . . . Huh? . . . Yep. . . . Yep. . . . Sure, we're in the pink, gramp. . . . Huh? . . . Just west of Fiddler Cay. We'll be in Little Harbor tonight. . . . Awright, gramp." He jerked the phones off and held them out to me. "The Commodore wants to talk to you, Bart."

I slipped on the phones, said: "Todd speaking."

"Hello, Todd. Is everything all right?"

I could see the Commodore sitting there in his fine wheel chair, his white beard neatly brushed, his bright blue eyes sharp and suspicious. Though he was seventy-six years old, legless, with his right side completely paralyzed as a result of the accident in which Tommy's father and mother had been killed four years before, old Bruce Campbell's mind was still shrewd and keen and skeptical.

"Everything is fine, Commodore."

"You expect to make Little Harbor tonight?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's a good thing. I just heard that Charles is on his way over there. He left Miami yesterday morning."

His big hands played on the spokes gently and yet with assurance.

"Charles! Your *son* Charles? But how could he have found out about the Bluebird?"

"The same way *we* found out. Jeremy Jones' article in the Yachtsman."

"But—you wouldn't think—"

"That Charles would read the Yachtsman?" the old man snapped. "Certainly he wouldn't. Charles doesn't read anything but the Racing Form. But he has friends, hasn't he? And several of his friends are interested in yachting. So—"

"But how is he coming over here? What boat?"

"I haven't found out yet. I only know that he bought a diving helmet and left Miami yesterday morning at daylight. I imagine he rented a charter boat."

I let that pass, though I reflected that Miami charter boats come high—and Charles, disinherited and disowned by the Commodore, had been practically penniless for ten years.

"Do you know why he's coming to Little Harbor?" I asked.

"Why? Because Charles is—" The old Commodore's voice broke a little and then burst harshly and bitterly on my ears. "Charles is a liar and a cheat, as you surely know. If he is going to Little Harbor, it is for no good purpose. I'm warning you to look out for him and not let him get there ahead of you."

I made a quick computation. "Commodore, he couldn't possibly reach Little Harbor before tomorrow night."

"All right; I'm just giving it to you for what it's worth. Will you call me when you make port tonight?"

"Very well, Commodore."

I switched off the radio set and hung up the phones. Stuffing a flashlight in my pocket, I went up on deck. Killer was stretched out in the cockpit sound asleep, and Tommy was busily reeling in the big spinner he'd been trolling astern.

I walked forward and sat down on the cabin trunk. The reds and purples had died out of the western clouds and left them a dingy blue-gray. The water, no longer mottled, was turning black. I found another cigarette and lighted it, thinking of the Commodore, that bitter old man, sitting in his wheel chair in the library of his fine home on Hibiscus Island. I saw him sitting there day after day brooding over his three sons, Charles and John and Duncan, those three sons who, each in his own way, had failed him.

Charles Campbell, the youngest, was forty-one, big and blond and softly handsome. Twenty years before he had come into two million dollars from the estate of his grandfather, old Angus Campbell, founder of the Campbell Steamship Line. In the '20s, that hilarious spending decade, horses, yachts, and women had accounted for every dime of the two millions. In some manner Charlie had cadged his way through the unhappy '30s, and now, in June of '39, he was still clutching with soiled hands at his father's purse strings.

I thought of Charles Campbell as I had seen him in the office only two weeks before, whining: "What'll I do, Mr. Todd? I'm flat busted. Talk to the Commodore for me, will you, Mr. Todd?"

"No."

"But look, Todd. It's no money out of your pocket. He thinks you're a hell of a smart young fellow. He's proud of you. Ever since you went to Washington to plead that case before the Supreme Court—"

"Oh, skip it."

"Damn it, Todd! If you get him to give me a thousand I'll kick back two hundred to you. Isn't that fair?"

"No! Get out!"

He'd left the office cursing me under his breath.

I thought, too, sitting there on the cabin trunk in the gathering darkness, of John Campbell, the eldest son. John, Tommy's father, had been dead for four years; were he still alive, he'd be fifty. I remembered what Larrimore, our senior partner, had said about him: "He's supposed to be worth three or four million—his grandfather left him two million, you know—but he's so dumb his old man doesn't even trust him with cigarette money. He's not a heel, like that other brother. He's just—well, he has a lame brain rattling around in a swelled head."

That was John Campbell at forty-six, a couple of months before he took his wife and the Commodore out for a ride one night and stalled his car in front of a fast freight. John and his wife, Ruth, had been killed. The Commodore had spent a year in the hospital and had come home without his legs. He wasn't bitter because John had killed himself and Ruth—whom he had never liked—nor even because John had almost killed him too. He was bitter because he had spawned such a lame-brain. It was a difficult thing for this hard old man to understand.

I thought, too, of Duncan Campbell, the Commodore's middle son. And after thinking of those other two, the ne'er-do-well and the nitwit, it was good to think of Duncan. It was good to think of Deborah, his loyal young wife, and of the Bluebird, the trim little brigantine he had built when he came back from the war, while people jeered and his share of his grandfather's estate lay idle in that Boston bank. I thought of him spurning the job—in the bookkeeping department of the Campbell Line, mind you!—which the Commodore had insisted he take. I thought of him as he had sailed out of Boston Harbor on that crisp fall day in 1919, alone with his wife on their cumbersome 46-footer, turning his back on his two million dollars. Somehow, you have to admire courage like that.

The Bluebird had cleared in at Bermuda twenty-one days later. In checking back in the newspaper files I had found that three major storms had been reported during those twenty-one days. It must have been a very devil of a passage. Duncan and Deborah had stayed at Bermuda for two weeks and then cleared for the British Bahamas. The brigantine—which was an exact scale model of the Campbell Line's first ship—had taken a beating in that passage, too.

She was sitting under the awning on the after deck.

They lay at Nassau for a month, making repairs, resting, keeping pretty much to themselves. Then, without clearance papers, they had sailed away. The Bluebird was seen, weeks later, at Little Harbor, which is east of Nassau. She was never reported again, though the Commodore had spent thousands of dollars trying to trace her.

But four years after she dropped from sight the Commodore had received a letter. It was postmarked Singapore and said in effect: "Deborah and I are alive and well. We have two children, both boys. We will, thank you, raise them in our own way. We travel a great deal and it would be useless for you to try to trace us, as we have long since dropped the name of Campbell. . . . Your not so obedient son, Duncan."

That was in 1924. In 1927 the Commodore received another letter, this time from Santiago, Chile. The wording was much like that of the first letter. Duncan and Deborah were alive and well. They had been blessed with another boy. It would be useless to try to trace them. In 1931 a similar letter came from Hamburg. Duncan's most recent letter had come from Vladivostok, in 1935.

The two million dollars on which Duncan had turned his back had grown to nearly four, and not one dime of it had ever been touched.

THE darkness, when it came, came abruptly. It was that blinding, shocking darkness you get in the tropics when the moon is below the horizon and the clouds are thick and low and black.

I rose after a while and groped my way back to the cockpit.

"No coral now," Albert said. "Soft bottom 'ere."

"Good."

Tommy exclaimed abruptly: "Look, Bart! Coco palms. See 'em? And a little ol' beach. Gee! I wish we could stop and go ashore. I bet there might be buried treasure right there. Isn't that a pretty little beach, Bart?"

"Albert, what do you think about anchoring?" I asked. "If we go on, we may get into more coral."

He sighed, and I knew he hated to give up. "Yaas, cap'n. Hi guess we better drop de 'ook."

Killer, who had awakened, scrambled out of the cockpit and hurried forward. I heard the anchor line thump on deck as he hauled it out. "Say when, Al, ol' kid," he shouted.

Albert cut the motor and threw out the clutch. He swung the wheel sharply to port and held it there with one foot as he peered over the side. When we finally lost weigh he said quietly, "Let 'er go, Killer."

The anchor splashed.

I took out my flashlight and directed the beam over the side. The bottom was white marl with little clumps of pale green grass growing here and there. The gin-clear water looked about two feet deep, but we were drawing five and I knew there was still plenty under our keel.

Tommy, who had started below for the anchor light, paused on the companionway. "Can we go ashore now, Bart? We could take grub and build a nice fire and cook over the coals. It would be a lot of—a lot of—"

"Yes?"

I knew he hated to say "fun," because he was a great adventurer, a treasure hunter, and people didn't hunt treasure just for fun. In the year since Jeremy Jones, writer for the Yachtsman, had first taken Tommy to the lagoon in the Barren Cays and shown him that barnacled hulk, no one had ever been able to convince him that it wasn't a Spanish galleon which, loaded deep with treasure, had sunk with all hands during a hurricane.

The Commodore, however, was pretty certain Jeremy Jones had stumbled on the lost Bluebird, and that the little brigantine had been lying there in thirty feet of water in that isolated lagoon on the desolate eastern fringe of the British Bahamas for nearly twenty years. But not Tommy. Tommy was interested in treasure.

Now he coughed and changed his line. "When I was with Jeremy Jones over here last year, we went ashore and cooked every night. Don't you think, Bart, that a guy needs to stretch his legs once in a while?"

"O. K., sailor. You and Killer launch the dink and I'll see what we have in the way of food."

Tommy whooped.

It was nice, all right, sitting around the fire after dinner, the sand under our bare feet warm and clean. Killer lay down, his head on his folded arms, and went to sleep. Albert sat in silence, his arms around his knees, his back against a palm, staring into the fire. He looked far more like an Indian, a rather handsome Indian, than like a Negro.

Tommy had brought his precious chart ashore, and how he lay on his belly poring over it for perhaps the millionth time. Tommy had worn out five charts in the year since he had made that first trip to Bootjack Cay with Sarah and Ann and Jeremy Jones in their little Bahaman schooner Spindrift. This was the fifth successive tracing he had made, and each one, I suspected, had been embellished with a little more inaccurate detail. However, the accuracy of the chart didn't matter a great deal to any one but Tommy. The Spindrift based at Little Harbor, and Jeremy could take us to the sunken ship without a chart.

Tommy had first met Jeremy Jones, his wife, Sarah, and his eighteen-year-old daughter Ann, about ten months ago, when the Spindrift and Tommy's small sloop had been hauled out on adjacent ways in Miami. Like most boating enthusiasts, myself included, the boy had been reading Jeremy Jones' articles on the Bahamas and the West Indies for years. So they had plenty to talk about.

Tommy about that time had finished his third reading of Treasure Island and he was all steamed up about buried treasure and sunken treasure ships. Jeremy Jones jokingly told him of the wreck he had stumbled on in the Barren Cays. Tommy was so wild to see it that Jeremy offered to take him over there on his next trip.

That was where I had come in—the practice of the law has many and devious bypaths. The Commodore had ordered me to find out everything there was to know about the Joneses. You could hardly blame him when you remember that Tommy was heir to so much money it made your head reel to think about it. So I spent nearly a week on the job, the last day on the Spindrift with Jeremy and Sarah and Ann.

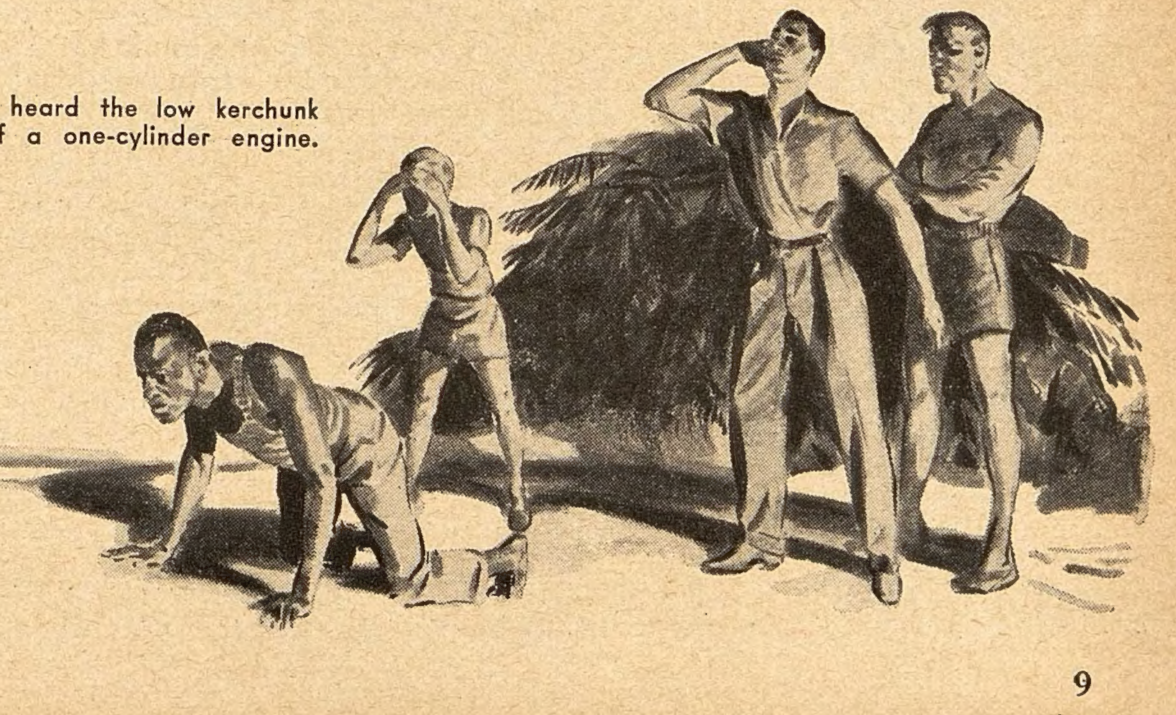
I had often wondered what kind of person Ann was, this girl whom Jeremy, in his articles, called the midshipmite, and who had never been to school, who had spent the last twelve of her eighteen years on a boat, who had had such few contacts with what we smugly call the outside world. Certainly I never expected to meet an unusually beautiful and perfectly normal young woman.

And yet, that is how she impressed me as I came over the side that morning. She was sitting under the awning on the after deck, and when she saw me she said, rising lazily, "Hi! You're Mr. Todd. Tommy told us to expect you. Come aboard."

I came aboard and she pulled a chair around for me and we sat down.

"Jeremy and Sarah have gone uptown, but they'll be back any minute. Tommy tells me you own that neat little yawl, the White Heron."

We talked boats for half an hour. I wasn't surprised to learn that she knew more about sailing than I did. After a few minutes I accepted her good looks, the bright lipstick she wore, her well kept fingernails, the neat waves in her blue-black hair, the amazing blue of her eyes. I only



I heard the low kerchunk of a one-cylinder engine.

found it hard to realize that she was as normal, as adult and poised, as any co-ed. And when I saw Jeremy and Sarah climbing aboard, laughing, their arms full of bundles, as wholesome and handsome a couple as you'd ever want to meet, I knew I wouldn't have to talk to them long. Here, I thought, are a pair of real people.

Jeremy told me his story while the four of us drank limeades in the cool shade of the awning.

He was, he said, forty years old, though he looked to me younger. He had married young and settled down to a job covering night police on the Constitution. He didn't like the work because he had itching feet, but Ann came along pretty soon and he stayed put for seven years. By that time he had saved a little money, had developed some facility at turning a phrase, and knew what he wanted.

They bought the Spindrift in Nassau and they had lived aboard her ever since. They made their headquarters at Little Harbor, and from there they had sailed all through the West Indies; in addition to his many articles in the Yachtsman, he had published four moderately successful books on his travels. They were—he did not tell me this, but I could see it—supremely happy.

When I left the Spindrift that night, I drove straight to Hibiscus Island and told the Commodore that Tommy couldn't be in better hands, couldn't spend his vacation in a safer place nor in a safer way.

So Tommy had made the great trip. He had seen what he firmly believed was a sunken Spanish galleon. He had made a chart, with Ann's help, of its position. The water there was clear and he had taken dozens of photographs of the ship, none of them very sharp. He had had the time of his young life, and he had come home determined there would be no peace in the Campbell household until he went back with a diver and recovered that sunken treasure.

I HAD been away at Washington on a case when the Spindrift cleared in at Miami and brought Tommy home. Jeremy stayed only a day—he hated cities—so I did not see him and Sarah and Ann. As the months passed I often thought of Ann, wondered about her, sometimes half imagined myself in love with her.

The thing probably would have stopped there had not the Yachtsman, a few weeks ago, got around to publishing Jeremy's account of the trip Tommy had taken. In the last paragraph of that article was the spark which touched off the powder keg under the Commodore. Jeremy had said:

> Some day I am going back to that quiet green lagoon in the Barren Cays. I am going to take a diving helmet with me. I am going down in the clear water and scrape the barnacles off the stern of that ship. Her name must be carved there. Could it be that she is the Bluebird, that beautiful little brigantine which has been lost for nearly twenty years? I shall, I think, take Tommy Campbell with me. It would indeed be a strange coincidence if this were the missing brigantine which Tommy's uncle, Duncan Campbell, sailed out of Boston so many years ago.

I had come out to see the Commodore on some legal matter and found him halfway through that article. He looked at me over the rim of his glasses and said:

"This man Jones confirms everything Tommy has told me about the trip. Most unusual!"

He went back to the article and made me wait. He tossed the magazine aside, finally, met my eyes. His lips were tight and he looked, abruptly, years older. Then he barked, "Get those pictures Tommy took!"

He went over them with a reading glass, one by one, carefully. I was almost bursting by the time he laid them aside.

"Well, Commodore?"

He shrugged his left shoulder, the only one he could move. "She has the lines of the Bluebird. Definitely. Her size is another matter. I have no way of knowing that. I think you'd better go over there, Todd. Do it quietly. Absolutely no publicity. You have your boat. Hire a diver. Not a professional. He'd talk and it would get around. Just hire a man who can go down in a simple helmet. Go over there, round up Jones, and see what you can find out. If she *is* the Bluebird, I want you to determine, if possible, whether or not my son and his wife perished with their ship."

THAT didn't make sense. I said: "If she's the Bluebird, Commodore, she wasn't sunk there in recent years. She couldn't have stayed afloat very long without being seen and reported. She must have sunk shortly after she left Nassau, and that was nearly twenty years ago."

"Naturally! I know the Bluebird went down within a few months after she left Nassau. A ship of her type couldn't wander the high seas indefinitely without being reported. But, because of those letters from Singapore and Hamburg and Vladivostok and Santiago, I've always assumed she went down near some populated cay where Duncan and Deborah got help and hired a boat to take them to the mainland. But I know the Bahamas. And I can tell you that Bootjack Cay is in the most isolated, deserted, barren section of the whole group. If the Bluebird went down near there in a storm, there isn't one chance in a thousand that Duncan and Deborah were not drowned."

Thinking of those letters, I didn't say anything until the Commodore snapped, "They could be forgeries, couldn't they?"

"If they are," I said, "some one forged them for a very good reason. Who? And why?"

The old man sputtered. "If it were not for those letters, Duncan could have been declared dead by the courts in seven years. Charles could have forced the division of that money. He and John were next of kin; the money would have been divided equally between them."

"Naturally."

"John, that nincompoop son I'm ashamed to have owned, bitterly hated his brother Charles. The reason for John's bitterness is not important—but I'm telling you I wouldn't put it beyond him to have forged those letters. John had plenty of money, but it would have broken his mean little heart to see Charles get a share of Duncan's money."

JOHN, to my mind, was too stupid, too utterly lacking in imagination, to have conceived and executed such a plan. Still, if John had not had those forged letters sent, who had? Who else had any interest in keeping Charlie from getting his rightful share of Duncan's accumulating fortune?

"I want you to go over there, Todd, and investigate this hulk," the Commodore went on. "If she's the Bluebird, you may find some evidence that Duncan died with her. If you do, then we will know the letters were forged and Charles will naturally come into his share of the estate. But, in lieu of such evidence, I shall continue to accept the letters as genuine and Charles will have to wait. That, of course, is breaking his heart—and I am glad of it."

"I'll go as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements," I agreed. "Shall I take Tommy?"

"Tommy! Great jumping Jehoshaphat! Do you think I could live in this house if you didn't?"

I had installed the ship-to-shore telephone on the Commodore's order. I had found Killer wrestling alligators in a highway side show and had hired him after trying him out, with the helmet I bought, in the deepest part of Biscayne Bay. I had written to Jeremy Jones that we were on our way, trusting to luck that I would find him at Little Harbor and, if I didn't, that Tommy's chart would prove accurate. I had picked up Albert at Cat Cay, and here we were, a hundred and sixty miles, as the crow flies, east of Nassau.

Thinking about it now, as Albert tossed an armful of driftwood on the fire, I wondered about Charlie Campbell. His interests, you would think, were the same as mine—to prove that Duncan and Deborah were dead and to settle their estate. It meant a great deal of money to Charlie and no small amount of money to my firm and me. Why should I worry, then, if Charlie came to Little Harbor and started looking for the Bluebird?

And yet, knowing Charlie, knowing how thwarted and embittered and desperate he was, I *did* worry.

Albert was rambling along with some interminable story about his adventures in the fine old days of the Bahama booze boom, when he had run liquor to the coast of Florida. As usual, he was talking—in that queer cockney-darky dialect of the Bahama Negro—of the li'l' lady whose boats he had captained.

Oh, I had heard plenty of wild tales of that li'l' lady. In the six years Albert had been piloting me around the Bahamas, he had never tired of extolling her beauty, and her virtues, until I had come to regard her as a sort of Lady Robin Hood.

Suddenly Killer rolled on his side and sat up on one elbow. "Al, old kid, what was this frail's name?"

Albert's mouth snapped shut in the middle of a phrase.

Killer grinned and winked at me. "Skipper, doesn't she sound like the broad that owns the Tropic Garden? You know the twist I mean?"

"I know her, yes."

"You ever hear she got her start running booze from the Bahamas? That's what they say, skipper."

"Who says?" I demanded, growing suddenly hot under the collar.

"Oh, all the smart mugs around Miami."

"I don't believe it, Killer. I've known Iris Lake for years and—"

"Iris Lake! Iris Lake!" Albert cried, hopping to his feet. "You know de li'l' lady!"

Startled, I said: "I know Iris Lake, but I don't believe the Iris Lake I know was ever in the rum racket."

"Yes, *sar!* Dat's 'er, cap'n!"

I thought about it for a minute. I'd known for quite a while that some of Iris Lake's enterprises were on the shady side. Still—

"How does it happen that you've never mentioned her name before?"

"Because she tell me w'en Hi go to work for 'er, 'Doan ever tell my name. Not even w'en you get in jail, doan tell my name. Just sit still. Hi get you hout.' T'ree times Hi get put in jail. But Hi never tell 'er name. None of us feller that work for 'er ever tell 'er name. No, *sar!*"

"It's impossible, Albert," I declared flatly. "The Iris Lake I know can't be more than thirty years old. Oh, maybe thirty-two, thirty-three at the most, though she certainly doesn't look it. Go back to repeal, and three or four years before that—"

"Last t'ree y'ars of pro'bition. Yaas, cap'n."

GO back ten years, then. It would make her twenty-three when she went into the rumrunning racket. I don't believe it, Albert."

"Yaas, yaas!" He was almost hysterical about it. "Di'n' Hi tell you she wasn't much more'n li'l' gal w'en we start?"

"Yes, you told me. Now tell me again what she looks like."

"She's li'l'—very li'l'."

"About five feet tall?"

"Hi doan know. She's jus' li'l', dat's hall. She 'as big green heyes like de water on de bainks. An' brown 'air with purty waves hin it."

"Reddish brown?"

"Red w'en de sun shine on it."

"That's right."

"You know 'er, cap'n!" He was tickled pink.

"Yes, I know her, Albert. She owns a lot of property around Miami and my firm handles her legal work. She came in the office a year ago to see me about a mortgage. I haven't seen her since. I understand she's been in the North most of the time."

Tommy had been listening to us; now he asked, "Does she own a boat, Bart?"

In Tommy's estimation, no one was really anybody unless he owned a boat. It did not have to be a costly boat; any kind of a boat would do, even a leaky rowboat.

"She owns a hundred-foot express cruiser, the Daiquiri. You've seen it around the bay."

**WHITMAN CHAMBERS** *lives in Florida when he isn't traveling. (He is now in Mexico.) He has written many novels. One, The Thirteen Steps, was chosen by the American Mercury as an outstanding mystery; another, The Campanile Murders, sold to the movies.*

"Sure. I know that big ice-cream job."

There was a little silence.

"Cap'n—Hi say, cap'n," Albert ventured tentatively.

"What is it, Albert? Wind hauling?"

"No, not yet. Mebbe hafter midnight. You 'ear dat li'l' one-lung boat motor?"

I listened a moment. The surf was thumping and hissing on the windward side of the cay. Over our heads the palm fronds rustled. I didn't hear any motor, and I told him so. He nodded slowly, listening, and then walked the few yards down to the shore and stood there peering northward. Tommy hastily folded his chart and followed him. I watched them for a minute or two, thinking of Iris Lake. I saw her again as I had seen her on that final night on the deck of her cruiser moored at the Hibiscus Club. She had worn pale blue satin and she had looked young and fresh and breath-takingly lovely. No, there had been no moon, only the colored lanterns strung along the dock and a few, perhaps one or two, cocktails too many. And it must have been the cocktails speaking when Iris said:

"Darling, aren't we silly to wait any longer? You know, Bart, with my money and your knowledge of the law, we can go a long way together. Shouldn't we get started?"

She spoke, I suppose, half jokingly. Oh, we had talked of marriage and our friends had been ribbing us for months, but nothing definite had ever been said.

I had said, feeling suddenly hot with embarrassment, "Iris, sweet, I'm only a junior partner in a law firm. I think we'd better wait until I climb another rung on the ladder. A fellow, you know, has a little pride."

And yet, it hadn't been pride that had stopped me. I had been afraid. I admit it. I had been afraid of her money and of the ways she made her money work for her. Though at that time I hadn't known how she had got her start, and though I discredited much of the gossip about her, and though I had never delved deeply enough in any of her enterprises to find them illegal, I nevertheless sensed a queer quirk in her brain. She had never said as much, yet I knew that, deep in her heart, she considered herself beyond the law.

She had said lightly, "I wouldn't love you, darling, if you didn't have pride. Perhaps you'd better go now. I'll bring in that mortgage tomorrow." She had given me a sisterly good-night kiss.

The next day, after we'd finished the mortgage business, she'd said, "Will I see you Friday night?"

"I'll give you a ring."

I hadn't. I had spent the next day with the Joneses aboard the Spindrift. And after that, whenever I thought of Iris Lake, she seemed cheap and tawdry—and dangerous.

I HAD about decided Albert's ears had deceived him. You don't find many motorboats, even one-lungers, in that section of the Bahamas. Then Tommy cried shrilly:

"There she is, Albert! Hi, Bart! Hi, Killer! Here comes a boat!"

Killer sat up. His eyes were slits under their thick lids and puffy brows. "Let's give a look, skipper."

I rose and we walked down to the water. The sky was still completely overcast, but after my eyes got used to the darkness I saw a small palely phosphorescent bow wave about a quarter of a mile to the northwest. I heard the low kerchunk, kerchunk, kerchunk of a heavy-duty one-cylinder engine. The boat carried no lights but I finally made her out. She was a small cabin launch and she was coming slowly toward us down the winding channel. We watched her until she was about fifty feet away. Then we heard the motor speed up a little as the clutch was thrown out and a cheerful hail:

"'Ello, there! Are you in trouble?" The voice was broadly British but not Bahaman British. "We saw your fire from Little 'Arbor and thought you might be aground."

"No, we're not in trouble," I called. "We were afraid of the channel in the dark, so we anchored."

"I don't see 'ow you got as far as you did. Most amazing!"

"We have a very good pilot."

A woman's voice called: "Who is he?"

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*Will Charles make trouble for Tommy and Bart? And who is the woman with this strange Englishman? The skipper and crew of the White Heron get several unpleasant surprises in next week's exciting installment.*

# WAS THE ELECTION A MANDATE

**READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS**

A MANDATE to President Roosevelt?

Yes—and no. Yes, in so far as a majority of the people in a majority of the states preferred an unbroken continuity of administration to the 150-year-old tradition against a third term.

A mandate, perhaps, to the extent that many must have voted against a third term only upon Wendell L. Willkie's promise that the genuine social gains inaugurated by the New Deal would be preserved, and that the Roosevelt foreign policy would be vigorously continued.

But no administration against which more than 20,000,000 persons cast their votes can claim to have a mandate to do as it pleases. The election might better be described as a warning to the politicians that the United States wants no fooling, no logrolling, in these crucial times. That warning was implicit even in Mr. Willkie's nomination.

The election was a warning, too, to foreign dictators and their apologists in this country—a warning that the people of this greatest democracy are against them.

That needs to be enlarged upon. Mr. Willkie repudiated them, but because he personified the only chance to beat President Roosevelt the Fascist-minded groups in the United States supported him. They knew he would treat them just as roughly as anybody, but if Roosevelt were defeated they could make a loud noise about the "repudiation" of the Roosevelt policy of aid to Britain, peacetime selective service, and the destroyer-naval base swap. Few in the United States would give them any credence, but their bosses in Berlin, Rome, and Moscow would hear and be pleased.

Millions of American voters believed, with ample reason, that turning out an administration at this time would be explained to the censor-ridden peoples of Germany, Italy, and Japan, and to the once free peoples now in their chains, as proof of popular opposition to the Roosevelt foreign policy. These voters knew, for instance, that Mussolini's mouthpiece, Virginio Gayda, had erupted with a pre-election promise that "7,000,000 German-Americans and 4,000,000 Italian-Americans" would help send Roosevelt packing. This undoubtedly rallied thousands upon thousands of resentful Americans, Italian-Americans and German-Americans among them, to vote for the President.

So Mr. Willkie suffered at the hands of self-invited allies whom he loathed and denounced. Hordes of Americans refused to take any chances. They voted for Roosevelt, not against Willkie. But I think they voted against Colonel Lindbergh.

Undoubtedly the war in Europe and the demonstrated menace of fifth-column activities in this country had tremendous influence. Without that threat President Roosevelt probably could not have been re-elected; but, by the same token, if Europe had been securely at peace, he would not have been a third-term candidate. According to some of his nonpolitical friends, with whom it can be believed that he discussed his plans, he did not decide to brave the no-third-term tradition until the European situation became desperate. Once his mind was made up, he was going to do his best to be elected, but he was reconciled to possible defeat by the certainty of keeping control of American policy from July to Election Day. Had he merely been a holdover, filling in while a Democrat and a Republican battled to see which would succeed him, his Presidential prestige and power would have faded disastrously.

Mind you, I am not saying that is so. I'm repeating what I was told by credible men.

Mr. Roosevelt's strength had its roots, however, in the millions on relief and the tens of thousands on the public pay roll in jobs. The main strength thus accruing to him was in the jobholders, from $10,000-a-year men to file clerks. This multitude voted for its bread and butter, and influenced its friends to vote the same way.

There is some evidence that the relief vote was far from 100 per cent New Deal. Mr. Willkie had promised no diminution in relief rolls, and his pledge to get the country going industrially under a full head of steam augured more jobs on private pay rolls. With the assurance of nothing to lose and perhaps real wages to gain, an incalculable number of WPA workers voted for Willkie. The public-opinion polls indicated that in advance of the election. There is corroborative evidence, however, in the way the farmers voted—Republican, despite the New Deal agricultural program which had raised prices artificially, bought up surplus crops, and literally paid farmers for growing nothing.

These men in the nation's breadbasket, and their hard-working wives, voted against the third term for two practical reasons at least: They believed that Charles L. McNary was their proved champion and would see to it that the new administration kept its word by retaining the AAA until something more profitable could be devised. In the second place, they were remote from the war. It was in the Midwest bloc of Willkie states that dislike of the peacetime military draft was strongest. True, Mr. Willkie endorsed the draft even before Mr. Roosevelt, but the law was passed in the Roosevelt administration.

There is a curious angle to the pro-Willkie farm vote. The New Dealers counted it pretty much lost until John L. Lewis threatened—or promised—to resign if Roosevelt were re-elected. "That," I heard many a New Deal strategist declare, "cinches the farm vote for us." They recalled how the farmers had driven the C. I. O. sit-down strikers out of the Hershey plant in Pennsylvania, and how the farmers' indignation had welled over when the sit-down blight hit the automobile and allied industries in 1937.

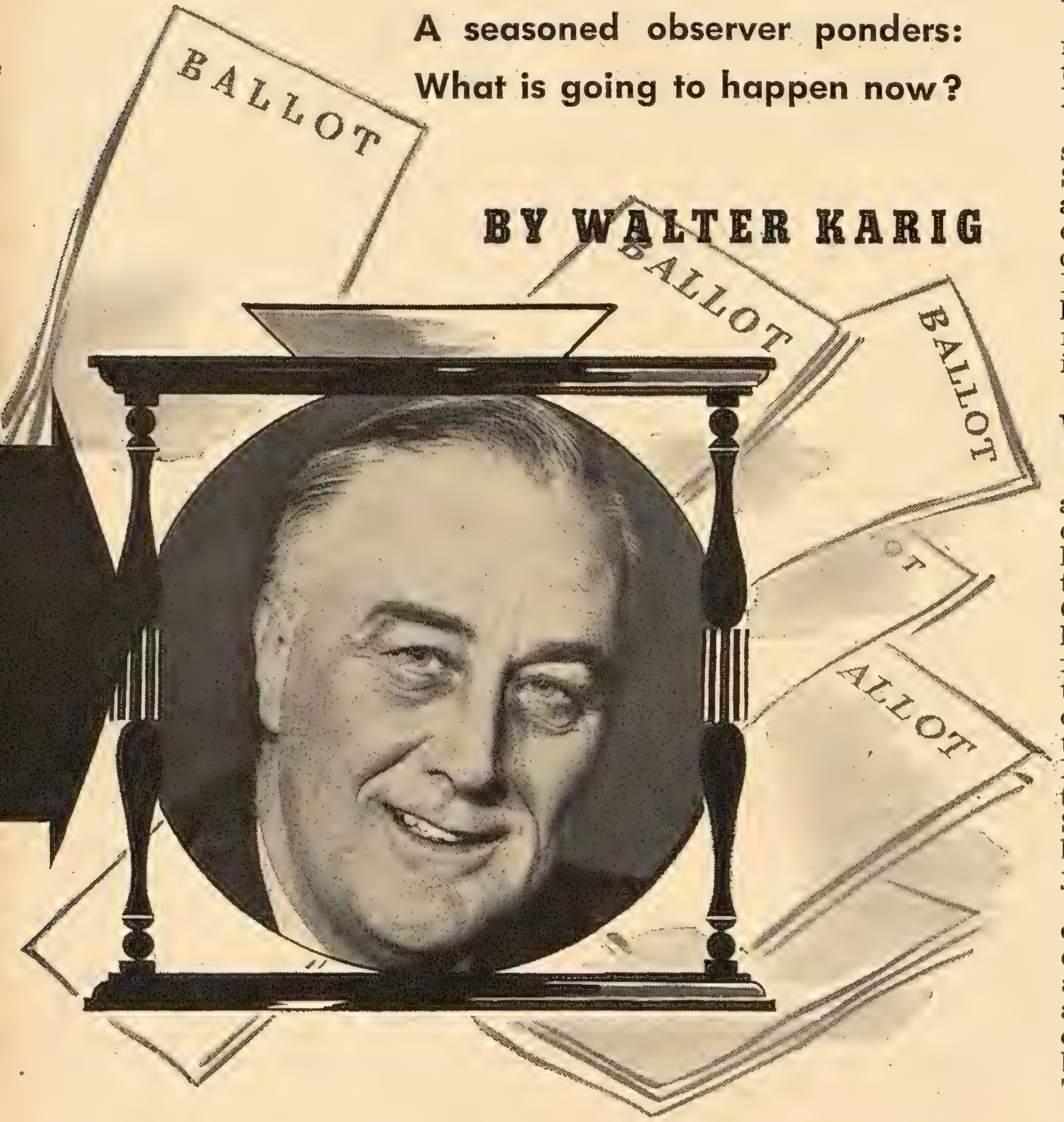
"Thousands of farmers will vote for Roosevelt just in hopes that Lewis will keep his word and resign," the merry Democrats assured each other. But it seems to me that the farmers, if they had any thoughts that way, noticed that most of the C. I. O. union leaders were defying their president, Lewis, and pledging themselves to Roosevelt, so they voted Republican regardless.

One of the first promises made by the President after his second reelection was to reunite labor. That too long deferred attempt should be easier with John Lewis on the wrong side of the conference-room door.

Trying to analyze and interpret this election is no cinch, because it was truly unique. There never was a harder election to predict. In the first place, the electorate had to choose between a President seeking a third term and an ex-Democrat who had never held any public office. Secondly, the war and all the fears it produced baffled the predictors. Thirdly, the nation was in a transition period, midway between an industrial boom caused by rearmament and the depression hangover. Such are the reasons why those poll takers who predicted a photo finish carefully allowed themselves a margin of error—which now explains everything.

## A seasoned observer ponders: What is going to happen now?

### BY WALTER KARIG



I'd like to advance the idea that the straw-vote polls helped pile up the President's plurality. Toward the close of the campaign the polls that were not predicting an out-and-out Willkie victory were reporting a "Willkie trend." I know that scared the boys in Washington. It scared the state leaders. Whether or not it scared Mr. Roosevelt, he suddenly abandoned his silent campaign and crowded the last week with speeches and public appearances from Ohio to Massachusetts. Meanwhile, the previously confident jobholders and campaign managers worked like ants to get out the vote. Altogether, maybe the President escaped a photo finish because the straw votes panicked the New Dealers into extreme effort.

Of course, not only a President was elected. Congressional results show a small gain for the Democrats, principally in areas where the public supported conscription and the Republican officeholders did not. Some Democrats were ousted for the same reason. The important loss to the Republicans was their failure to increase their strength not only in Congress but in the statehouses and city halls of the country. They did not win enough of these foundation-laying minor offices to fortify them for the 1942 elections.

On January 20 Presidential appointees automatically resign. The major topic of gossip in Washington now is, who will be replaced by whom? Cabinet changes are predicted freely. Dan Tobin, head of the A. F. of L. teamsters' union and chairman of the New Deal's labor campaign subcommittee, is being spoken of as successor to Secretary of Labor Fanny ("Ma") Perkins. Fanny Perkins has been an undisguised headache for Roosevelt since 1937, and was an irritant often before that. She was given at least one broad hint to resign, but, with Mrs. Roosevelt's backing, the first woman Cabinet member stuck to her office. Lately the President has learned to be hard-boiled about firing people, as witness the exit of Harry Woodring. It may be wishful thinking by the less radical New Dealers, but "Ma" is slated to go, they say, as a prerequisite for unity in labor.

Secretary of War Stimson is rumored to be willing to retire, and the gossips have his office cinched for Mayor LaGuardia of New York.

Attorney General Robert H. Jackson is going—so runs rumor—to the Supreme Court when next there is a vacancy. The coalition idea is to be extended to include the diplomatic corps, and Colonel William J. ("Wild Bill") Donovan, a one-time Republican assistant attorney general, will represent the United States abroad, it is said.

WHAT about the future of the Republican Party—if any?

There will be a Republican Party, all right—and Republican Presidents, for that matter. Immediately, however, control of the party returns to the junior branch of the Old Guard. Top man, and hence the most likely prospect at this long range for the 1944 Presidential nomination, is National Chairman Martin of Massachusetts, minority leader in the House. Governor Stassen of Minnesota is the man next most likely to become a Presidential candidate. Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio will be around, but probably as a sort of juvenile elder statesman.

As for Mr. Willkie, because he conducted his campaign with an independent board of strategists and advisers, there is some muttering among the lifelong Republican politicians that the "amateurs" should be sent back where they came from. That sort of talk will disappear.

Right now the people of the United States are not concerned about the future of the Republican Party or the Democratic Party; but you can bet your sweet life they are concerned about the future of the Communist Party. They want to reduce its future to the past. The American people are most concerned with the future of the kind of United States where an election like this one could be held; where the defeated candidate says, as Mr. Willkie said the day after election: "I call upon the millions who followed me to continue to work, as I shall work, for the unity of our people—in the completion of our defense effort—in insisting upon removal of antagonisms in America—all to the end that government of free men may continue and may spread again upon this earth."

THE END

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WILL the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis rule the world? Yes or no?

In the Holy Land and its vicinity lies the answer to this question that is keeping all mankind on tenterhooks. There, in the mysterious land of the Bible, where dark shadows fall suddenly at dusk over vast stretches of white desert sand, will be fought the battle that is to determine the future march of history.

The fate of hundreds of millions of human beings may well be decided by what happens during the coming winter months in the sacred valleys of Judea. Guns are going to speak in the Holy City, and bombing planes to roar and screech over the evangelic hills of Galilee.

Palestine, door to the great Arabic world and corridor to the immensely rich oil fields of Mesopotamia, is the gateway to the Far East and to the British Empire's chief sources of wealth and power. It is one of the keys to the all-important Suez Canal.

The destiny of Great Britain depends on whether she can maintain control of the Mediterranean between Gibraltar and the Palestinian port of Haifa. If she loses Haifa, her strongest naval base in the eastern Mediterranean, and if, at the other end of the Old World's midland sea, Gibraltar is captured, the power of her mighty empire will be broken. All the countries in the Mediterranean basin, from Greece to Turkey and Egypt, would automatically fall into the waiting lap of Berlin and Rome. And the Suez Canal would become the link between the European and Asiatic ends of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis. Nothing would then prevent the Japanese and Italian naval forces from effecting a juncture in the Red Sea and in the Indian Ocean. The road would be open for a joint Italian-Japanese effort to dislodge the British from India, China, the Malay Archipelago and Peninsula, and even from Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

Reduced to its simplest terms, Hitler's plan to knock out England amounts to just that. Gibraltar, Suez, and Palestine represent the vulnerable spots where the one-two-three punches must be administered quickly, almost simultaneously, in order to open up Britain for the killing blow.

The plan to wrest these key positions from Great Britain is not new. It is part of the colossal scheme which has long engaged the consistent attention of the Geopolitical Institute of Munich. Professor Karl Haushofer, head of the Geopolitical Institute, emphasizes in all his writings that only with the help of Japan can the Reich's plan of world domination be fulfilled. He points to the conquest of Palestine as the prelude to the mastery of the oceans. The fall of the Holy Land, says this man who has provided Hitler with the blueprints for Nazi Germany's military campaigns, past and future, is the essential prologue to the disintegration of the Anglo-Saxon hegemony of the world. In order to assure Japanese collaboration, Japan must, he argues, be compensated. Not only must Tokyo be given a free hand in Asia but it must also be handed a big hunk of the North American continent.

In Professor Haushofer's most important work, Geopolitik des Pazifischen Ozeans, the guidebook of Hitler's foreign policy, there is featured a map showing Japan's sphere of influence extended over the greater part of the United States and Canada, as far east as Buffalo. This is the price that has been promised by Hitler to Tokyo for its co-operation in the Rome-Berlin coup against the life line of the British Empire.

### By PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

Until recently the Japanese had never shown great eagerness to collaborate with Hitler in this vast undertaking. Their army leaders were not altogether indifferent to this scheme, but the navy was stanchly opposed. The admirals were afraid to risk their precious fleet so far from its home bases as Hitler asked them to send it.

Fantastic as it may sound, the slogan of the Nazi military plan is: *Axis reunion in the Near East.* Hitler actually wants Japan to send her navy to the Red Sea for an attack on the Suez Canal from the south. Simultaneously Gibraltar is to be assaulted from the Spanish mainland and the German-Italian armies are to move toward Suez through both Palestine and Egypt. To the Italian navy will be delegated the task of breaking up the British Mediterranean squadrons. That is the one-two-three punch attack against Britain's life line, timed to get under way before Christmas. Unless, of course, something goes wrong with this combination, which takes it for granted that the other side will remain motionless, waiting for the ax to fall.

Japan until a short time ago was only too well aware of the ifs and buts. Even if her navy did get past Singapore and into the Red Sea, what of the British flotillas stationed at Aden, Ismailia, and Port Sudan? Besides, there was the ominous Kremlin mystery. What if Stalin decided to bolt and settle accounts with Japan from the northwest? And, above all, how about Washington? Would the United States look on idly while British sea power was swept from the Pacific, while America's own naval line of defense was menaced more strongly than ever before? It was these considerations which kept Japan from joining an irrevocable Rome-Berlin military axis.

The Arabs look up from their checkerboards . . and continue their game.

# Th

Will the war reach its cli
at the source of "peace
earth"? A breath-tak
look into the future

Now all that is changed. Hitler has convinced Tokyo that the Germans and Italians can take over the Suez Canal whenever they choose. The Ethiopian campaign and the Italian conquest of British Somaliland in Africa have lulled Japan into believing that British striking power in the Red Sea is a thing of the past. The Nazi military control of Romania and the Danube has reassured Japan that Stalin would have his hands full in the Balkans if he should decide to move against the Axis. And Hitler has "guaranteed" that the United States will not dare to interfere be-

# oming battle for Jerusalem

fore its two-ocean navy is ready.

Time is of the essence for the Axis partners. They must strike before America stirs. They must deliver the knockout blow to England while England still stands alone, in order to be able to deal with an America that will then stand irrevocably alone. It is a colossal gamble. Its outcome will be either world power or disintegration for Germany.

Hitler, notwithstanding his complimentary statements about the Duce's military prowess, knows very well that by herself Italy is unable to make a dent in the British defense of Egypt. It is no longer a secret that several crack divisions of the German army have crossed from Sicily into Libya to support Marshal Graziani's drive on Alexandria, Cairo, Suez, and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. In addition, an Italian army of 75,000 men, reinforced by motorized units and German aerial squadrons, is waiting on the Island of Rhodes. This army is to be landed in Syria, where the French government of Marshal Pétain is in control. Paris has been compelled to instruct its naval and air bases in Syria to place all their facilities at the disposal of the invading forces.

Yet, even so, to get an army across into Syria from Rhodes is at best a most hazardous enterprise. The British navy at Cyprus is still guarding the approach to Asia Minor. It is therefore quite possible that in case of necessity the Italo-German troops will be ferried across to Syria by air. If and when this has been accomplished, the grand attack against Suez is to begin from two sides simultaneously — from Syria through Palestine, and from Libya through the Nile Delta on the west.

The big question mark is Turkey. If the Ottoman government has the backing of Soviet Russia, Turkey will surely resist the invasion of Syria. It is possible, however, that Turkey, fearing complete isolation and conquest by the Axis, may decide to fight alone, without Russia's active help. In that case, Italy will seek to arouse fifty million Arabs by holding up Mussolini as the protector of Islam.

At the same time Germany will try to trap the British navy in the Mediterranean and cut England off from India. Confident of its ability to do so, the Reich is laying out airdromes in Dakar, from which point England's alternate route to the Far East, running around Africa and the Cape of Good Hope, can be put under fire. The German general staff figures on a civil war in South Africa, where General Herzog is expected to lead a revolt of the pro-German Boers.

The coming Battle of Jerusalem is to be the supreme test of Germany's vaunted military superiority. For the first time the Panzer divisions, which have been assembling quietly in Libya, will be opposed by an army determined to fight back. The British forces in Egypt and Palestine will not be sold down the river as the French, Belgian, and Dutch armies were. The Jews of Palestine alone can put into the field an army of close to 100,000 men, provided Britain equips and arms them in time. They will be fighting for the very existence of the territory which they hope will ultimately become a Jewish commonwealth. If the will to win can turn the tide of battle, the Battle of Jerusalem may prove to be the Waterloo of the Italo-German expeditionary force.

Hitler is confident that he will reach the Suez Canal before Christmas. Germany is in a desperate hurry. The home situation is deteriorating rapidly. Under the steady pounding of the R. A. F.—which they were told had been defeated long ago —the German people show signs of cracking. Everywhere the Gestapo units are being increased to head off the brewing revolt. The lack of oil and rubber and cotton is growing acute in the Reich.

The Arabs in the coffeehouses of Cairo and Bagdad and Teheran look up from their checkerboards, see the British patrol ships in the air, and continue their game. Nobody thinks of raising the green banner of revolt against Britain in the Near East. Mussolini's hopes of seeing Islam flocking to his colors against England look like a dream that will never be realized. And what will happen to and in Germany when the R. A. F. reaches parity with the Luftwaffe?

" By spring we will be the masters of Africa," announces the German press. This may be true. But by spring the R. A. F. will be bombing Berlin and Hamburg and Dresden and Munich with American-made flying fortresses every hour of the day and night. By spring Japan may wake up to the inexorable fact that Italy's and Germany's bestowal of the mastery of the Pacific upon her was but a hashish pipe dream. By spring Italy herself may be chafing under the Nazi overlordship. . . .

Can the Nazis take it as well as dish it out? I think not. I am sure they can't.

THE END

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

# ANOTHER WOMAN to Love

### BY MABEL BROWN FARWELL

MAMMA NERSKOVE knew if she could just get through this week she would have time once more to think of Papa. For a long time now she had thought of the children first — Segrid, Gertrude, and Margaret.

She put the last hairpin into the knot at the back of her carefully waved gray hair and ran a hand down over the smooth bosom of her blue print. Papa was coming in a little while to drive with her to Margaret's commencement, and she was glad; she wanted to have a good frank talk with Papa today. Though when she considered what there was still to be done before Saturday she knew she shouldn't go anywhere, because on that day Gertrude was being married.

Gertrude was being married, Segrid was waiting for the birth of her first baby, and there was something the matter with Papa. It was a litany that Mamma had said over and over to herself for weeks now, and she didn't like things to be so uncertain. She liked them to come out evenly, like Papa's dough that went loaf by loaf into the bread pans. Thousands of them and never any left over.

Papa. . . . All spring he had gone around with something on his mind. It might be business; it might be the war in Europe, because he had come from Denmark and still loved the land of his childhood.

Always he had said to her, "When the children are raised, Mamma, then we'll go back and visit."

This was the year, and they couldn't go, of course; but when she had mentioned it, sorry that it couldn't be so, a strange evasiveness had come into his face and she knew he didn't want to talk about it. And if it weren't business or the war, Mamma had wondered over and over if, by some dreadful distortion, a man as dependable, as honorable, as he could have found another woman to love.

Because he was different. He was a man with a new interest in life—something he wasn't talking about. At least, he wasn't telling Mamma. Once, when they had worked side by side to make a business of the small bakeshop, she had been hands and head and willing feet for him. But through the hard years—the '30s—the bakeshop had blossomed. It had continued to blossom until now there were thirty-seven shops dotting the city and a commissary which employed men and women whose names Mamma didn't even know. Maybe it was one of those women. . . .

"Don't think about it now," she told herself. "Things happen, Katie, and you can't stop them."

She picked up her house dress from the big double bed and hung it carefully in the closet. "But if you know they are going to happen . . . you can do something." She could try to find out from Papa today. She could find out, but she couldn't do anything about it. Not this week; not until after Gertrude was married. Not until after Segrid's baby came. It was overdue and Mamma had constantly to worry a little about her.

Segrid had skated all winter! For two years before her marriage she had been national champion and all this last year she had taught. Mamma had stood outside the rink with fear clutching her heart and watched while Segrid showed her pupils the intricacies of their edges and figures, their jumps.

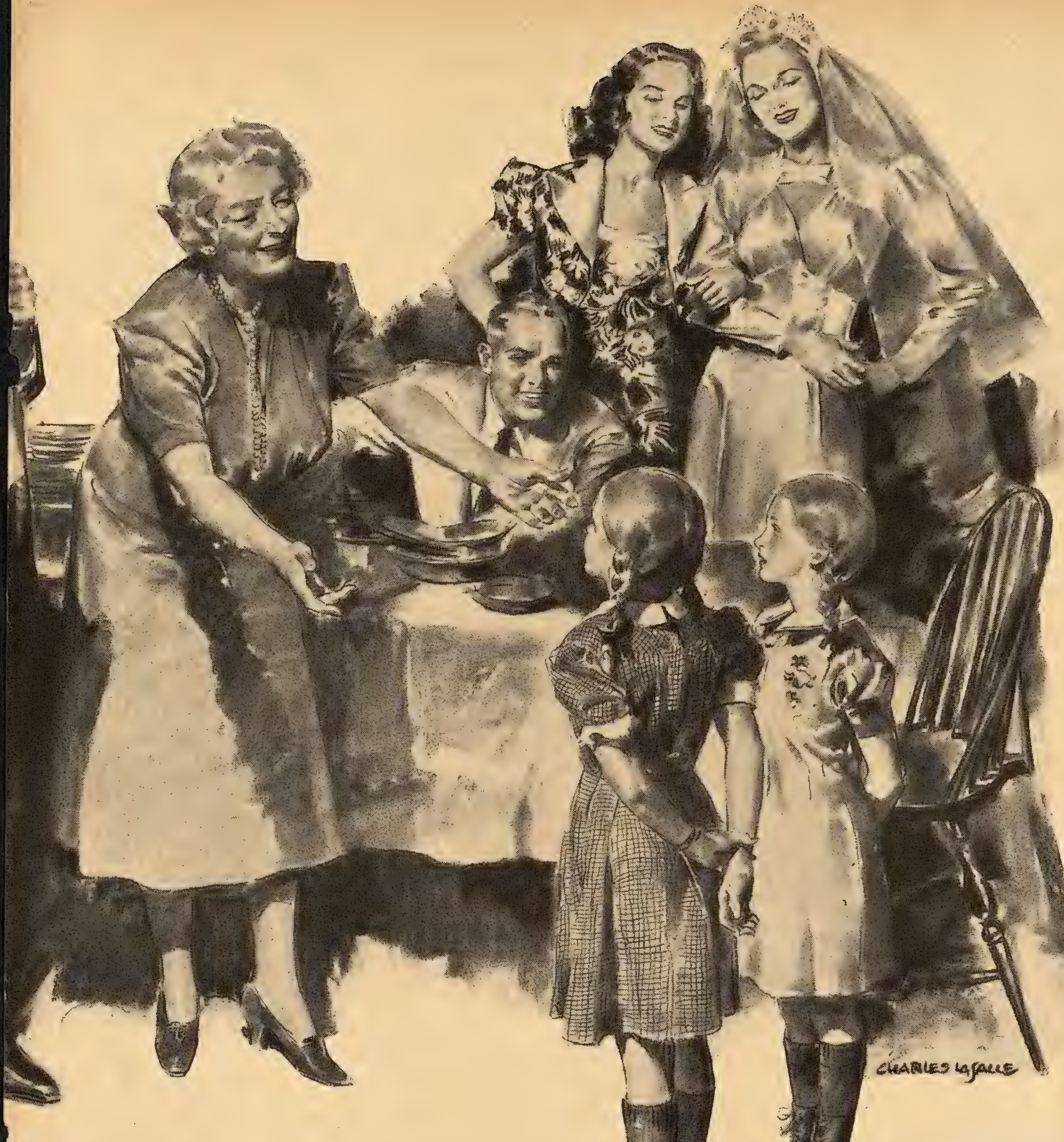
"Well," she always said afterward, "if you don't care what you do to yourself, you *should* think of your baby."

Segrid had pinched her cheek. "That's just what I'm doing, pet."

And Gertrude. . . . One morning, between applying her hat and lipstick, she had tossed a diamond ring in Mamma's general direction.

"Stephen," she had said. "June."

Mamma had caught the ring and held it a moment in her hand. "That's nice," she said slowly. "Stephen . . ."



The children stood up and looked expectantly at her. "Gretchen and Faya!" said Papa.

## The tender, glowing story of a fearsome secret that turned into a shining surprise

"A big wedding," Gertrude said; "something becoming to the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Maxwell. You know how to manage it, Mom. Larkspur and roses and one of your disgustingly gorgeous suppers afterward."

"June," mamma said. "Not June . . . Segrid's baby."

"Of course June. Segrid and all—with or without baby."

"And Margaret," Mamma remembered—"she graduates in June, and Papa and I must go . . ."

"Gracious!" Gertrude said. "Maybe I shouldn't get married at all."

That had hurt Mamma Nerskove, so she tried to find words—glad, happy ones of reassurance. There was a time when she could have put her arms around her children, but not any more. They were too brittle, too bright.

But she could make it a lovely wedding—a polished house with flowers everywhere, good things to eat. . . . It wasn't all done yet, but it would be.

She went downstairs and called Segrid's number. She must put her mind at rest about her oldest child before Papa came.

Segrid's husband, Oliver, answered and his voice was brusque: "We're leaving for the hospital."

"Oh!" Immediately her plans for the day reshaped themselves in her mind. "Tell Segrid I'll be there."

"Just a minute. She wants to speak to you."

"Listen, pet," Segrid's voice came huskily over the wire. "I'm all right and I don't want to get in any one's way today. You and Papa go, just as you planned."

"I couldn't. Papa will go."

"I can't argue with you now, pet."

"No," said Mamma quickly. "You go. I'll call Papa."

While she waited for the commissary to answer, she worried about Segrid. All the things she shouldn't have done this winter, all that foolish jumping and flying around on the ice.

"Mr. Nerskove," the girl at the switchboard said, "will not be in today."

Not be in today! What was the girl saying? He had left the house at six thirty as usual this morning.

She replaced the phone and forgot Segrid for a moment, wondering about Papa. It was his own business, but she had the feeling if it were something honest and good, this thing that was making him different—this thing that changed his daily routine—he would have told her about it.

She found Oliver in the waiting room at the hospital. A tall young man in a gray suit, with worried eyes and rumpled dark hair. He took her hand and clung to it, though his words were brave enough.

"Segrid is all right . . . she's fine . . . maybe they'd let you see her."

"Of course she is," Mamma said.

She made her way back to the information desk and found some one who would take her to Segrid. Though there was a little uncertainty about it when they discovered that Segrid was in a ward and these weren't ward visiting hours. But they decided that Mamma could go for a moment.

"Just long enough to see her," Mamma promised, trying to hide her dismay at the thought of Segrid bringing her baby into the world in such an unprivate way.

WHEN she saw her daughter's white face with the tired shadows about the mouth, she wanted to do something to comfort her, but she knew Segrid wouldn't like that. And all she could find to say, gently, was, "A ward, Segrid . . . a ward with three others . . ."

Segrid managed to smile almost gaily. "Why, pet, you know I've always loved company."

"No . . . I will get you a room . . . by yourself."

Segrid's chin set in a determined way. "Don't be difficult, pet. I'm just where I want to be."

Mamma looked at her long and curiously. Swiftly through her mind swept the knowledge, surely and suddenly, that Segrid's teaching this winter had been from necessity. Often Papa and she had wondered what the war was doing to Oliver's travel bureau, but when they had asked, Segrid had assured them that people were taking other trips.

They were such funny, proud children, these modern ones, Mamma thought.

She went back and waited with Oliver.

The morning wore on. Other people came into the room to wait. Mamma Nerskove tried not to worry. She shut her eyes and went over the things still to be done before Saturday . . . the big urn to be scoured for coffee, the wedding slip to be shortened . . . remind Papa to get crisp new money for Gertrude to have in her pocketbook when she went away. . . .

**MABEL BROWN FARWELL**

*was born in Schenectady, New York, but migrated to New England when she was a year old. She went to Brown University, then became secretary to Margaret Lee Runbeck, the writer. She is now married, has two children, and lives in Newton Center, near Boston.*

She opened her eyes and saw that the hands of the clock said almost one. I should have known Segrid needed money, she thought, unable longer not to worry. She saw Segrid with her yellow pigtails always flying. . . . Segrid crying once when she fell down and broke her doll's china head . . . Segrid practicing over and over . . . Mamma Nerskove took herself firmly in hand. There was all the furniture to polish, the guest-room beds to air . . .

She glanced up and watched Oliver restlessly pacing the room. She knew she should distract him somehow.

"Oliver."

He came and sat down near her.

"A sandwich," she said, "and a cup of coffee for both of us, h'm?"

He looked aghast. "Could you eat?"

"Yes," she said, rising. "We both must do something."

They ate in a drugstore near the hospital.

"Why should it take so long," said Oliver, "if Segrid is all right?"

"Don't worry . . . it doesn't help," Mamma told him and wished she could take her own advice.

Then she had an inspiration. She would share her other worry with him—cautiously. That would take his mind off Segrid for a little while.

"Have you noticed any difference in Papa Nerskove lately, Oliver?"

Mamma saw the look that came into his face with that word, a closed-in protectiveness that convinced her. There was something he was hiding from her, Mamma knew. She remembered that usually the person most concerned was the last to be told when something scandalous was going on.

"What is it? What is the matter with Papa?"

"Nothing . . . nothing." Oliver rose from the table.

It was no good. Mamma could see that. Then there was something about Papa that Oliver knew. "He isn't sick, is he, and doesn't want to tell me?"

Her son-in-law laughed for the first time that day. "Heavens, no," he said. "He's not ill."

Then Mamma knew it must be one of those things she had considered. It must be another woman Papa loved. What else could it be they wouldn't tell her about?

When they got back to the hospital they discovered that the doctor was looking for them.

"You have a fine boy," he told Oliver. "Would you like to see him?"

Mamma watched the transformation take place in her son-in-law. A grin spread over his face and he was sure of himself once more.

"How is Segrid?" Mamma asked.

"Fine," the doctor said. "Come along and I'll show you your grandson."

The nurse held him up and they looked through the glass of the nursery and admired. Everything was all right for Segrid now. It was a fine thing to give your husband a son—something she had never done for Papa.

THEY saw Segrid for a moment. "He's a beautiful baby," Mamma told her.

"Is he?" she asked. "But, listen, pet. Don't let that grandmotherly look settle on you, because we aren't going to have him spoiled, you know."

"No," Mamma said.

She left the hospital and took the subway home. On the way she thought of Papa seeing his last child graduate today and wondered if he would realize how long they had been working together toward this time; how many mixings and risings and punchings down of dough had gone into those years. Segrid's lessons and trips, Gertrude's and Margaret's tuition. Now that they were all started out in the world, he should give those clean white hands of his a rest.

Gertrude was at the door to greet her. "I've been waiting for you, Mom."

"Segrid has a lovely baby." Mamma said.

"There! I'm sure she has. Now run and wash your face and hands and we'll eat."

"We can't eat," Mamma said, "until Papa and Margaret come . . ."

"They're not coming. Papa called up. He's driving Margaret to New York. Something about a position there."

"For Margaret? Couldn't they have waited until after the wedding?"

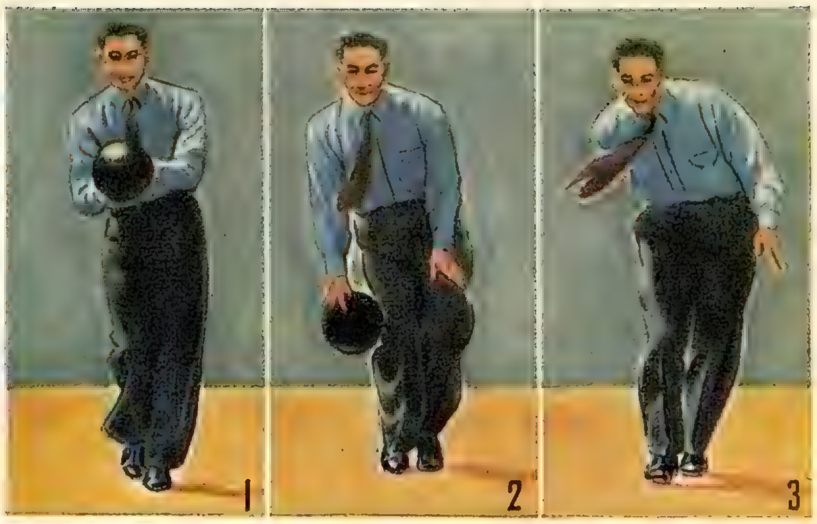
*(Continued on page 21)*

# Here's how

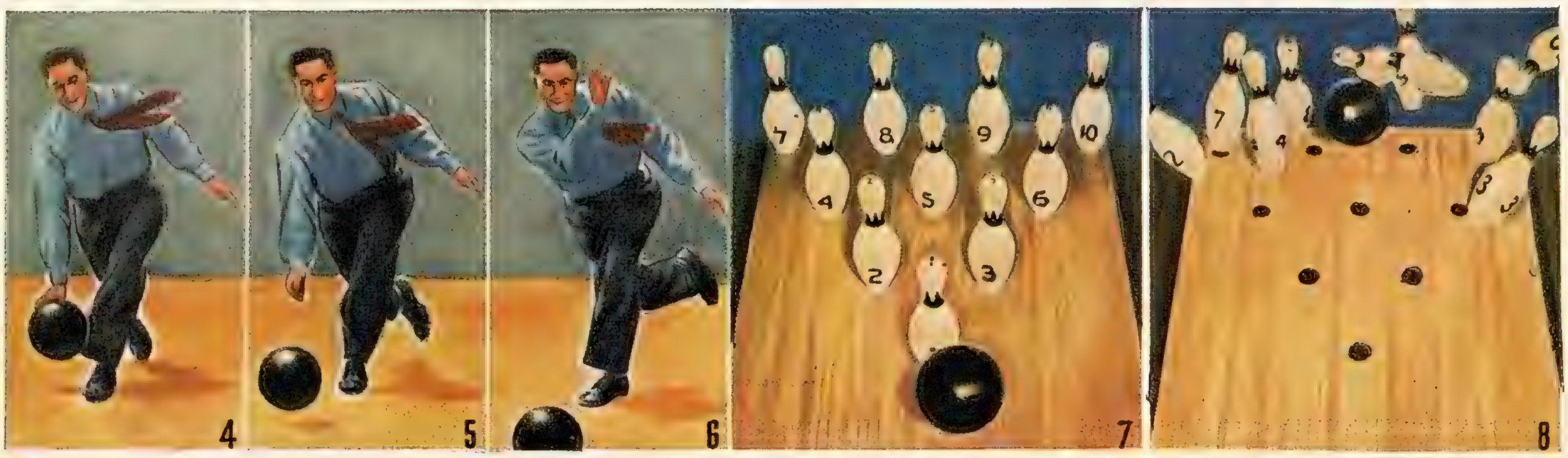
**JOE FALCARO,** *Undefeated Match Record Holder, demonstrates the well-known Four-Step Delivery.*

## AN EXPERT MAKES STRIKES

### Described by Al Jones
### Editor, Bowlers' Digest



**1. Joe Falcaro's First Step** starts with the right foot; ball, held in both hands, pushed away from the body. **2.** *Second step*—ball swings back, left arm moves out for balance; knees bend, body inclines forward. **3.** The ball, continuing its backswing, reaches the height of its arc at the end of the *third step.*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**4.** *Fourth step*—ball is brought down and forward. **5.** Left foot slides toward foul line and ball is released; right foot anchors the slide. **6.** The follow through, ball starting down the polished lane.

**7.** The perfectly-delivered ball reaches its goal, the pocket between No. 1 and No. 3 pin, touching off the fuse for (**8.**) the pin-scattering action that says, "Perfect Strike!" Nice going, Joe Falcaro!

**BOWLING TIPS.** Remember that proper direction is more important than speed. Select a ball that fits the hand. Beginners should walk, not run, to the foul line. And at all times, *stay relaxed!*

---

# Here's how

## A GREAT WHISKEY MAKES FRIENDS

1. It has a full flavor that's pleasingly light—right in line with today's taste preferences.
2. It has a rich aroma, a mellow character—it's enjoyable straight or in mixed drinks.
3. It has the advantage of finer ingredients and more than 83 years of distilling experience.
4. It comes to you at a common-sense price—one your budget takes right in its stride.
5. It is a whiskey that never misses—there's deep-down satisfaction whenever you say, set 'em up with . . .

Seagram's
5
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor – Smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC.
LAWRENCEBURG IND
NINETY
PROOF
FULL QUART

# Seagram's 5 Crown

**THE BLENDED WHISKEY FOR EVERY DRINK**

"This Seagram's 5 Crown is right down the alley, eh?"

"Suits me every time—it's light and yet it's full-bodied! That's why I always call for Seagram's 5 Crown—at bar, package store, or restaurant."

"Well, a good match deserves a good drink, so . . ."

# Here's how..

## SAY SEAGRAM'S AND BE SURE!

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grain. 90 proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York.

*(Continued from page 18)*

"Oh, they'll be back in time," Gertrude said.

New York, Mamma thought. If there was a position there, Margaret would get it; she was the smartest of them all. As Mamma went up the stairs, she thought how surprising it was that she and Papa should have such a daughter. One who had been on the dean's list all through college; one who knew so much more than they did. . . . She was a good girl and Mamma wanted her to be happy. If she wanted to be away from home . . . And Papa, Mamma thought, I want him to be happy. Maybe he had found a woman, a smart one, who would keep him young. . . .

TONIGHT," Gertrude said, when they were sitting across from each other, "I'm going to spend with you, Mom. Tomorrow every one'll be here . . . Stephen and the parents, ushers and bridesmaids and what not and I won't be able to find you in the confusion."

"We'll work," said Mamma. "We'll get much done . . ."

"Not tonight. . . . We'll sit and think of all the things I have to remember about us. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Mom? When we were little . . . Segrid, Margaret, and I . . . and you brought home warm buns full of raisins for our lunch. . . . The first time Papa took us all out on skates and we knew right away that Segrid was going to be best?"

Mamma couldn't understand this kind of Gertrude. She didn't know how to answer her. She was almost ashamed of the fluttering she felt in her throat.

"Don't," she said slowly.

"Why, Mom! I'm trying to tell you how I'll miss you. . . ."

"Yes," Mamma said, "Segrid with her baby and you and Margaret away . . ." Then she almost added something about Papa, but she knew she mustn't. This was no time to spoil Gertrude's happiness. So she smiled. "Listen to me," she said, "being so foolish! You are good children."

"You couldn't raise any other kind."

"Tchk-tchk," Mamma said in an embarrassed way and wondered what had come over Gertrude to talk so. She was the one who always lived for the moment, close to the surface. . . . Why was she remembering tonight? And then Mamma knew. Gertrude was remembering for her! She was giving Mamma something to keep when she was all alone. Alone, without even Papa. . . .

And, in her way, Mamma tried to be grateful. All through the next day, with people coming and going, when she was making up the guest-room beds, while she talked with Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, Stephen's impressive parents; even when she went out to the garden and cut larkspur and roses, she remembered.

She knew now what she was going to do. She wouldn't say anything to Papa until after the wedding. But then she would, and she even went so far as to think up how she would tell him that she knew . . . the very words she would use.

That is what she did with half of her mind, but with the other half she refused to believe. She refused to believe, until Friday evening, and then she knew for sure.

She came upon the knowledge unexpectedly. She had gone to the desk in their bedroom and taken out their joint savings-account book. She knew if Papa didn't get home before noon the next day, the bank would be closed and Gertrude wouldn't have the new fifty-dollar bill Mamma wanted her to have. So she planned to take care of it herself.

She opened the book to look at the good comfortable sum that was written there—enough to take a trip around the world, when there was a world once more to travel around. She stared into the book for a moment before she realized what the last written figures told her.

On May 6 there had been a withdrawal, a large one. Fourteen hundred dollars. . . .

Never had Papa or she spent so much money without talking it over first. Slowly she ran her hand over the page as if with that gesture she might erase what she didn't want to know. What would a woman want, she thought, that would cost fourteen hundred dollars?

IT was good that there was so much to do the next day. There was an extra woman in the kitchen and men from the commissary. Lobsters were being cracked and whipped up into heaping molds of white and rose; glasses tinkled as they were carried on trays into the dining room; and a refrigerator protested that it would not hold another morsel.

There was Stephen calling up to see if Papa Nerskove had come yet, and at the last minute there was Papa himself.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come," Mamma said, looking into the radiance of his smile — "come in time . . ."

He was not a big man, but he carried himself erect. Mamma saw his white hair, his mild clean-shaven face, and the happiness in his blue eyes as if she were seeing him for the first time. The white hair is nothing, she thought. He's had it since he was forty . . . he's a fine young-looking man. She remembered that love did that—made people alive and young.

"I'm always on time, Katie," he said, "or pretty close to it." He bent his cheek for her kiss.

There was some one at the bedroom door saying that Gertrude needed her desperately. But it was only the wedding veil. Mamma lifted it carefully and laid it over her daughter's arm. Then she went to find Margaret.

"Papa and I are so proud," she said, holding her youngest close for a moment. "Did you find something nice in New York, h'm?"

"Marvelous," Margaret said. "I'll tell you all about it later."

Then Mamma was riding to the big stone church . . . she found herself in the front pew . . . there was a white satin pillow before the altar . . . Gertrude and Stephen were kneeling . . .

Then they were all at home in the big living room, filling it up and running over into the den and dining room. Under the laughter and voices, the kisses and congratulations, Mamma watched the steady glow in Papa's eyes.

He's bursting with it, she thought. He wasn't like this at Segrid's wedding. And she was horrified to find herself smiling back at him, in spite of the pain somewhere inside her.

Gertrude was going upstairs to change. Mamma knew that pretty soon everything would be over. Then she would say those words she had thought of to Papa. The house would be empty and so would her life. She would have to find something to begin on again somewhere . . .

KATIE," Papa was saying, close beside her, "you're needed in the kitchen." He took her arm and pulled her gently with him.

"There are enough there," she said.

But she followed him behind the black silk screen with its white embroidered birds into the pantry. She noticed the soiled dishes piled everywhere. No one was doing anything about picking up . . .

No one was doing anything about picking up because they were all looking at two strange children who sat at the kitchen table eating lily ices. Two little girls in high black boots and ribbed stockings, small solemn faces and flaxen pigtails.

Papa was beaming. "See! Mamma!"

The two children stood up and looked expectantly at her.

"Gretchen and Faya!" said Papa. "Their boat came in only yesterday, and we shall have to help them with their words for a while, but they know what mamma means. . . ."

The one that looked like Segrid smiled, and the next moment Mamma had her arms around both of them. She was clucking over them.

She looked up and saw that Gertrude and Margaret were there, too. Margaret laughed. "Didn't I tell you we found something marvelous in New York, Katie?"

"But Papa could have told me," Mamma protested.

"No," he said. "You would have told me I was too old, too tired."

"Nonsense!" Mamma smiled at him over the two flaxen heads. "You've never been younger." She paused for a moment. "But, Papa, didn't *you* want a boy?"

"No," he said; "two little girls—I'm used to girls. . . ."

THE END

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

# Fu Manchu and the Panama Canal

**Swiftly the story shifts its scene, as Fu Manchu strikes—in New York!**

SATANIC Fu Manchu plots to bottle up the American navy by occupying with his horde of cohorts a secret submarine base in the Caribbean. The chart of this strategic spot is then stolen from Sir Lionel Barton, famed Orientalist, who combines forces with Nayland Smith, supersleuth, and Kerrigan, star reporter, to regain the map and thwart the evil designs of the Chinese necromancer. Also, the three swear to save Ardatha, Kerrigan's tortured sweetheart, from the yellow devil who has drugged her memory and uses her as his tool.

Tracking him down in London, they come upon a charnel-house laboratory in which he experiments on various victims, dismembering and preserving their bodies. Both Barton and Kerrigan narrowly escape death, but Sir Lionel is rescued by Smith and Kerrigan in the nick of time, while Kerrigan owes his life to a mysterious white Negro, Hassan, who is Ardatha's devoted slave.

On a raid of the Fu Manchu premises the baronet captures Peko, a pet marmoset, allegedly a thousand years old! Peko is the Chinaman's most cherished possession. A vicious animal, it bites Sir Lionel, and he is tempted to kill it. However, knowing Chinese character, he decides to keep the beast alive—a pawn, perhaps, in a world-wide game.

Fighting against her clouded mind, Ardatha manages to elude her ruthless master long enough to telephone Kerrigan. She tells him that she and Fu Manchu are about to sail for America, and that if he holds on to Peko it may bring her release from thralldom. The wizard's three pursuers decide to fly to America with the marmoset as hostage!

## PART FOUR—THE MYSTERY OF THE SNAPPING FINGERS

"THE unaccountable absence of Kennard Wood," said Nayland Smith, staring out of the window, "is most disturbing. These apartments, Kerrigan, have been the scene of strange happenings. It was from here that I opposed Dr. Fu Manchu when he tried and nearly succeeded in his plan to force a puppet President upon the United States."

I stood beside him, looking out over the roofs of nighttime New York from this eagle's nest on the fortieth floor of the Regal Athenian Hotel.

"Bit of a contrast to London," I said.

"Yes." Smith pronounced the word with unusual slowness. "The fog of war has not dimmed the lights of New York. But you and I know who is responsible for those rumors and those missing men in the Caribbean; and although, according to your account, the Doctor is a sick man, we dare not underestimate potentialities. Even now he may be here."

As always, the mere suspicion that the dreadful Chinese scientist might be near, induced a sense, purely nervous, no doubt, of sudden chill. If Ardatha's words had been true, he was already here. . . .

"I am getting seriously worried about Kennard Wood," said Smith suddenly. "According to his last message from Havana, he and his assistant, Longton, were leaving by air. They are long overdue. I don't understand it."

Colonel Kennard Wood of the United States Secret Service had been left in charge of the Caribbean inquiry when Smith had hurriedly returned to England. We had been expecting him all day. In fact, Barton had been compelled to go to Washington that morning in Smith's stead, owing to the importance of the anticipated interview.

"An even greater menace, one which threatens the entire white race, is closing around the American continent," predicted Smith ominously.

The phone buzzed.

Smith turned swiftly and crossed to the instrument.

"Yes—speaking. . . . *What?*"

The tone in which he rapped out the last word brought me about. His eyes glittered metallically and I saw—those prominent jaw muscles betrayed the fact—that his teeth were clenched.

"Good heaven! You are sure? . . . Yes—at once."

He banged the receiver back and stared at me, suddenly haggard.

"Smith! What has happened?"

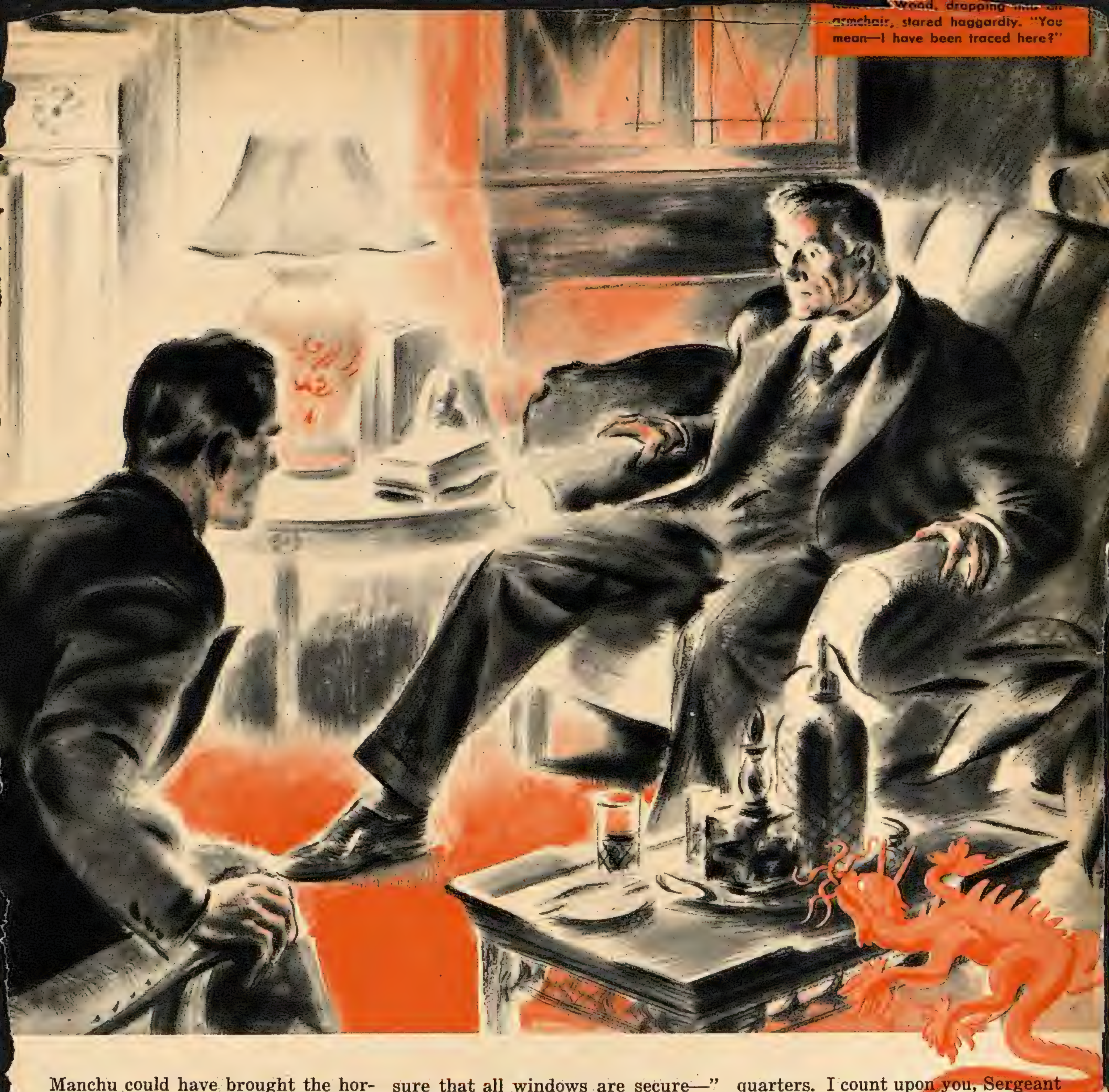
"Longton — poor Longton has gone!"

"What!"

"They have just brought his body in from the river. Inspector Hawk of the Homicide Bureau recognized him, in spite of—"

"In spite of what?"

"Of his condition, Kerrigan!" He dashed a fist wildly into his other palm. "Fu Manchu is here—of that we may be sure; for no one but Fu


Wood, dropping into an armchair, stared haggardly. "You mean—I have been traced here?"

## By SAX ROHMER

Manchu could have brought the horror of the Snapping Fingers to New York."

"The Snapping Fingers?"

But he was already running toward the door.

"Explain on the way. Come on!"

As Smith came charging out, a man seated on a chair in the foyer sprang up and began spluttering. Following Smith's example, I hurriedly put on my topcoat. An unpleasant regurgitating sound drew my attention to the man on guard.

"Say, mister," he said, "what's the big hurry?" He began to chew violently.

"Listen," Smith broke in. "I'm going out. There may be an attempt to get into this apartment tonight—"

"Say—*I'm* here."

"I want to make sure," said Smith, "that you don't stay there. These are your instructions: Having made sure that all windows are secure—"

"What, on the fortieth?"

"As you say, on the fortieth. Having made sure of this, patrol every room in the suite, including the bathrooms, at intervals of fifteen minutes. If you find anything alive—except, of course, the monkey in a cage in Sir Lionel's room—kill it. This applies to a fly or a roach. Do I make myself clear?"

"Sure, it's clear enough, chief—"

"Do it. If in doubt, call Headquarters. I count upon you, Sergeant Rorke."

Throwing the door open, he ran to the elevator and I followed.

"SMITH," I said, as we were whirled in a police car through kaleidoscopic streets, "what has happened to Longton, and what did you mean by the Snapping Fingers?"

"I meant a signal of death, Kerrigan. Poor Longton—whom you don't know and will never know now—may have heard it."

"I saw how the news affected you. Is it—something very horrible?"

Propped in a corner of the racing car, he began to load his pipe.

"Very horrible, Kerrigan. Some foul things have come out of the East, but this thing belongs to the West Indies. Of course it may have a Negro origin. But at one time it assumed the size of an epidemic."

"In what way? I don't understand."

"Nor do I. It remains a mystery to the scientists. But it began, as far as I can make out, in the Canal Zone. A young colored man, employed on one of the locks, was found in his quarters one morning, bled white."

"Bled white?"

"Almost literally." He lighted the charred brier. "He was dead, apparently from exhaustion. There were queer discolored areas on his skin—but there was practically no blood in his body—"

"But—the Snapping Fingers?" I interrupted.

"This clue came later. It was first reported when the epidemic struck Haiti; that is, just before I arrived there. A young American, whose name escapes me—but he had been sent from Washington in connection with the reports of unknown submarines in the Caribbean—died in just the same way."

"Significant!"

"Very! But I have a hazy suspicion that those in charge of the investigation didn't know where to look. However, the next victim was a German—undoubtedly a German agent. He died in exactly that way."

"At the same place?"

"The same hotel in Port au Prince, but not in the same room. But the case of the German differed in one respect: some one heard the Snapping Fingers!"

Inside the speeding car was a fog of tobacco smoke; outside, the lights flashed by like a flaming ribbon.

"*Who* heard it?"

"Kennard Wood! He occupied the next room. . . . Schonberg — that was the German's name—was found dead in the morning. His door was locked; his shutters were still closed."

"What did you do when you heard of this?"

"I went along at once. I have a pretty strong stomach, but the sight of that heavy Teutonic frame quite drained of blood . . . ugh! Fortunately for the hotel, a number of cases occurred elsewhere, not only in Port au Prince but as far north as Cap-Haitien. A story got about among the colored population that it was voodoo, that some one they call the Queen Mamaloi (a fabulous woman supposed to live in the interior) was impatient for sacrifices. A perfect state of panic developed; no one dared to sleep. To think that the fiend Fu Manchu has brought *that* horror to New York!"

"But what is it, Smith? What *can* it be?"

"Just another agent of death, Kerrigan. Some unclean thing bred in a tropical swamp—"

"IT is more than I can bear, Smith," I whispered, and turned away. "Although I didn't know Longton, it is more than I can bear."

"Probably painless, Mr. Kerrigan," said Inspector Hawk lugubriously. "Cheer up, sir."

Under the harsh light of suspended lamps, Longton lay on a stone slab. In life he had been slightly built; he had scanty fair hair and a small blond mustache . . . there was a sound of dripping water.

"What have you got to say, doctor?" asked Smith, addressing a stout red-faced man who beamed amiably through green-rimmed spectacles.

"A very unusual case," the police doctor replied breezily; "very unusual. Observe the irregular rose-colored spots, the evidences of pernicious, or aplastic, anemia. A malarial subject, beyond doubt; but the actual cause of death remains obscure."

"Quite," snapped Smith. He turned abruptly to Inspector Hawk. "The man is nude. How was he found, and where?"

"Found just as you see," the gloomy voice replied. "Brought in from West Channel, right below Queensboro Bridge. Kind of caught up on something; shone in the moonlight, and a river patrol made contact. I was once detailed to take care of Mr. Longton; recognized him right away."

"How long dead?" Smith asked the doctor.

"Well," he replied, "I should say no more than four hours. Hypostasis had only just appeared and there is little rigidity."

Some further formalities there were, and then once more we sped through the bright lights of New York. Smith was plunged in such a mood of dejection that I did not care to interrupt it. We were almost in sight of the Regal Athenian before he spoke.

"Where did Longton die?" he exclaimed. "Why was he in New York without my being notified—and where is Kennard Wood?"

"It's all a dreadful mystery to me, Smith."

There was a momentary pause; we were whirling, issuing warning blasts, past busy night traffic, when Smith suddenly leaned forward.

"Slow down!" he cried.

Our speed was checked; the police driver leaned back.

"Yes, sir?"

"Go to 39B Sutton Place—"

"Mrs. Mendel Hammett's?"

"Yes. Move."

We were off again.

"Who is Mrs. Mendel Hammett?"

"She is a relic of the past, Kerrigan, an institution: a patron of promising talent, and a distant relation of poor Longton. I suddenly remembered his telling me that he had an apartment in her home which he was at liberty to occupy at any time. Now, the garden of 39B Sutton Place runs down to the river; Queensboro Bridge is immediately above!"

"YOU need not watch me so anxiously, Sir Denis," said Mrs. Mendel Hammett. "I am a crippled and weak-bodied old woman but not a weak-minded old woman. May I trouble you to light my cigarette."

She lay stretched on a couch in a sitting room whose furnishings indicated the world traveler. The bright hazel eyes shadowed by heavy brows were those of a young girl; her skin retained its freshness.

"You are a wonderful woman, Mrs. Mendel Hammett."

"I belong to a tough race," she replied, puffing her cigarette, "and in the company of my late husband I have been in some tough places. So Jim is dead? Well, if I can help you find out who killed him, count on me."

"IN the first place," said Smith, speaking very gently, "I have gathered from Miss Dinsford, your secretary, that James Longton was not expected; that he arrived about six o'clock this evening and stated that he wished to use his apartment."

"He did, sir," the vibrant voice replied. "He had come by air from Havana and he said it was important that no one should know he was here."

"He went up to his rooms," Smith continued, "particularly requesting that he should not be disturbed—"

"He said he was going to take a bath and lie down until dinnertime, as he was tired out."

"Quite so. That is most important. Since then, I believe, you had not seen him?"

"I have not."

"Did he bring much baggage with him?"

"One light suitcase and a large portfolio."

"Who took them up?"

"He took them up himself."

"Then no one else entered his apartment?"

"No one." Momentarily the bright eyes clouded. "People used to find a marked resemblance between Jim and Kennard Wood. I never saw it myself, although they were cousins on Jim's mother's side."

"I had certainly noted it," murmured Smith; "and now that this catastrophe has occurred, I must look to the colonel's safety. . . . So Longton came alone?"

"He came alone. Kennard Wood was to follow as soon as possible, and Jim intended to call his hotel directly he—awoke. For some reason they were traveling in great secrecy."

"*I* know the reason!" said Smith grimly. "If you will be good enough to excuse us— Come on, Kerrigan."

A gray-haired colored manservant led the way upstairs, knocked upon and then unlocked a door. He switched on the light inside and left us.

We entered James Longton's rooms. The first of these was a sitting room, furnished in a manner which betrayed the hand of a woman. Nayland Smith, standing just inside the door, which he had closed, began sniffing.

"Do you notice any unusual smell, Kerrigan?"

*(Continued on page 26)*

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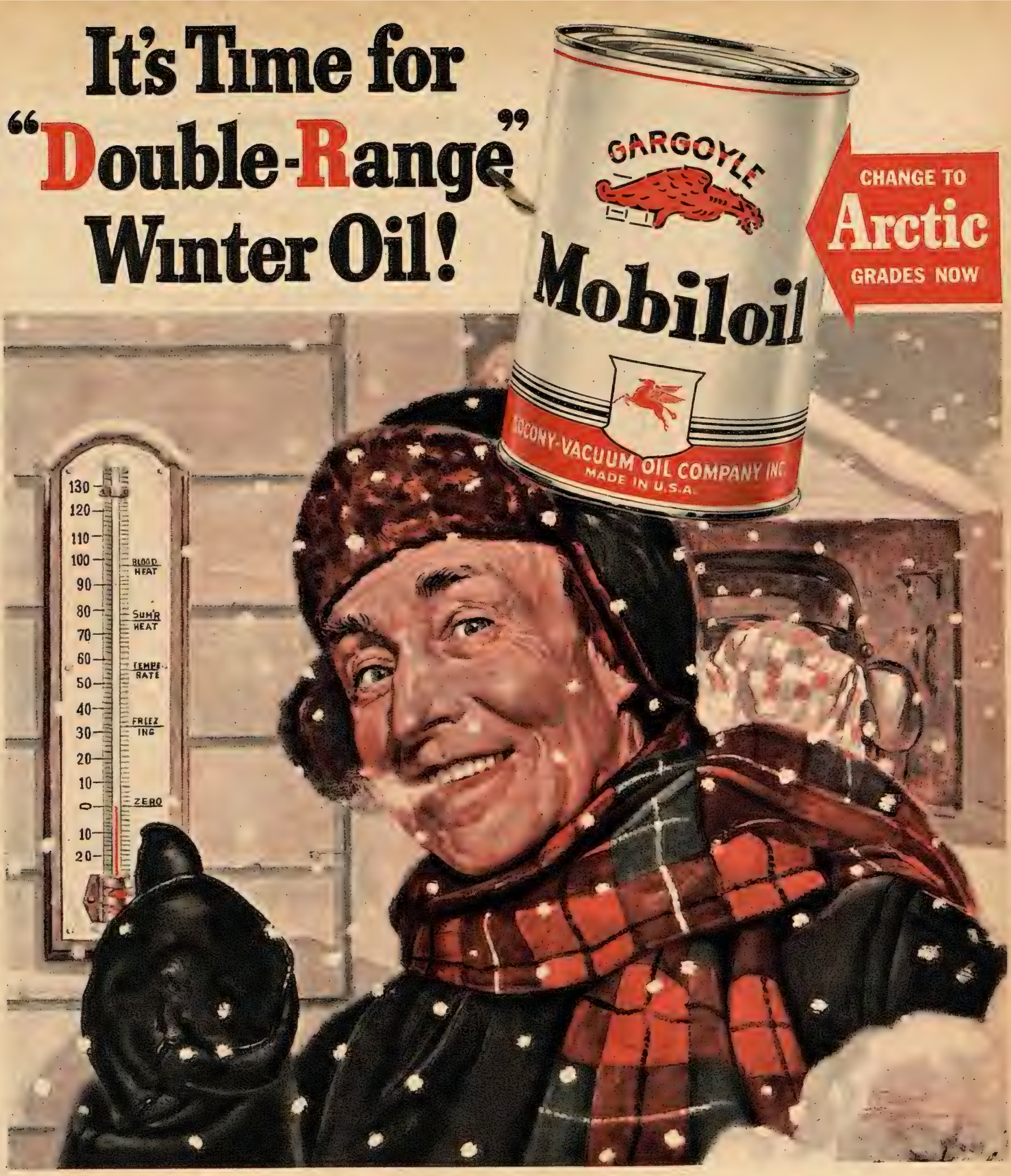

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*(Continued from page 24)*

At that, I also directed my attention to the atmosphere of the place, and:

"Yes," I replied, "there is a faint but very unpleasant smell. I am trying to place it."

"I have placed it!" said Smith; "I have come across it before. Now for the bedroom—"

He opened a door, found the switch, and led the way into a small but adequately equipped bedroom. Beyond, on the right, I saw a curtained recess in which presumably there was a bath. The place had a Spartan quality which may have reflected the character of the dead man; so that, noting a handsome Chinese casket on a table beside the bed—an item which seemed out of place—I was about to examine it, when:

"Don't touch it!" snapped Smith. "Touch nothing. I am walking in the dark, and taking no chances. The unusual smell is more marked here?"

Startled by his abrupt order, I turned from the box.

"Yes, it certainly seems to be. You have seen that the bed is much disarranged?"

"I have seen something else."

He crossed to the draped recess, went in, and came out again.

"Longton undressed in the bathroom," he said; "his clothes are there. He had a bath and then lay down. It is clear that he was tired out. His suitcase you see there on a chair, unopened. He just got into bed as he was and fell into a deep sleep. Now, you note a chill in the air?"

"Yes."

"Unless I am on a wrong track, we shall find a window open."

He crossed and jerked the draperies aside. I saw moonlight glittering on water.

"Wide open!" he exclaimed. "A balcony outside!"

Smith turned and stared at the disordered bed.

"OBSERVE anything unusual?" he snapped.

"It is all terribly untidy.

"Really, Kerrigan, as a star reporter you disappoint me. A hostess of Mrs. Mendel Hammett's caliber does not expect a guest to lie on a blanket. The under sheet is missing!"

"You're right!"

He stared at me for a moment.

"They used it to lower his body to the garden," he said slowly. "I can see the rope marks on the balcony rail! There is an old strong wisteria growing up the wall below. One of Fu Manchu's thugs climbed it while Longton was in the bath; he may or may not have forced open the window. He returned later, bundled up the body, and lowered it to an assistant waiting in the garden. These fellows work silently as stoats."

"But what killed him?" I cried. "There may be some clue here—"

I had turned to the disordered bed, when:

"Stand back, Kerrigan!" Smith said sharply. "Touch nothing. Leave the search to me."

Arrested by his words, I stood there while he stripped the bed, opened the Chinese box (which contained nothing more lethal than cigarettes), explored every bookcase, cabinet, nook and cranny in the room. He was as painstaking in the other rooms; and from among Longton's possessions he selected the key of the suitcase, opened the case, examined its contents. And all the time he was sniffing—sniffing like a hound on a half-lost scent.

"The smell is fading?" he jerked. "You note this? I can spare no more time. But the room must be sealed; it is imperative. You have, no doubt, remarked that the large portfolio, mentioned by Mrs. Mendel Hammett, has disappeared. . . ."

AS I hurried past the hall porter's desk in the main entrance to the Regal Athenian, a boy came running after me. Smith had been detained, but he was anxious that I should establish contact with Sergeant Rorke.

"Urgent message for you, Mr. Kerrigan."

At sight of the handwriting on the envelope, my heart skipped a beat. The message was from Ardatha! I tore it open, there where I stood, and read:

> Please do not recognize me unless I am alone. I think I have been followed. I am in the main foyer; you can see me as you come up the steps. If there is any one with me, go up to your apartment and I will try to call you.

The note was not signed.

Thrusting it into my pocket, I started up the hotel's imposing flight of carpeted stairs. I saw Ardatha at once in the vast lobby.

She was seated on a divan not five yards away — deep in conversation with a sallow-faced man. She did not so much as glance in my direction. But I knew that she had seen me.

Resolutely I walked along to the elevator and went up to our apartment. I could gladly have strangled her sallow-faced companion.

I opened the door, to find Sergeant Rorke standing just inside. On recognizing me, his tense attitude relaxed and he began to chew.

"Anything to report?"

"No, sir—except that a lady calls up ten minutes ago. She won't leave her name. I just say you are out."

"Nothing from Sir Lionel Barton?"

"No, sir. I'm a gladder man when he's back here. Feeding wild animals is no part of a police officer's duty." He displayed a bandaged finger. "There's one dead monkey on the books if I have my way."

I went into the sitting room, lighted a cigarette, and began to walk to and fro beside the telephone. Ardatha was here! She would try again! That the fact of her presence meant also that of Dr. Fu Manchu could not terrorize me tonight.

How long I wandered up and down the carpet, how many cigarettes I smoked, I cannot say. But at last the phone buzzed. It was Ardatha . . .

"Please listen very carefully." Her adorable accent was unusually marked. "First, for some one else—a man called Colonel Kennard Wood—will be killed tonight at some time before twelve o'clock. I cannot tell you how, and I do not know where he is, except that he is in New York. These—murders horrify me. Try to save this man—"

"Ardatha—"

"Please, I beg of you! At any moment I may be discovered. We are setting out for Cristobal later tonight—as soon, I think, as Colonel Wood is dead. Tell me now if you found in London any trace of Peko, Dr. Fu Manchu's marmoset. He mourns him as one mourning a lost child."

"He's here, darling! We have him!"

"Ah!" the word reached me as a wondering sigh. "Please God you keep him safe! Tell me again. I cannot believe it. You have him?"

"We have him, Ardatha."

"He may mean escape for me—the end of the living death. Come to Cristobal . . . Bart. When you reach the Panama Canal—"

"Ardatha! It's more than I can suffer. Give me the word, and I will see Dr. Fu Manchu now and test the value of this hostage!"

"Stop! It's impossible, I say! Listen. You can get in touch with me at the shop of Za—"

The line was disconnected.

"SO much and yet so little!" said Smith.

"One thing at least is clear," I declared: "Kennard Wood is doomed!"

"Don't say that, Kerrigan! The idea drives me mad. Longton gone—and Kennard Wood next, while I stay idle! I wish I had been here when Ardatha called you. However, my delay with the police resulted in another clue but a baffling one—"

"What clue?"

"The sheet—the sheet in which Longton's body was thrown into the river—has been recovered."

"Well?"

"It is bloodstained all over!"

"But—"

"Don't tell me there were stains on the blanket, because I looked for them. Not a trace." He turned suddenly. "You have noticed no evidence here of the peculiar smell?"

"None. But I have placed it. I know of what it reminded me: a charnel house!"

"Exactly. Hullo! Who's this?"

The phone buzzed, and he had the receiver off in a second.

"What! Kennard Wood? . . . Thank God! Quick, man—where are you? . . . At the Hotel Prado. No, no! Listen to me. I cannot explain now. But you simply must not dream of going to bed. Leave all lights on in your apartment, remain fully dressed and wait until I join you!"

Running out to the foyer, he gave rapid instructions to Sergeant Rorke.

"You understand?" he said finally. "Inspector Hawk is downstairs. Tell him he is to start now, get this report, and stand by at the Prado. Move."

As Sergeant Rorke went out, Smith ran to the phone and called Police Headquarters. He was through in a matter of seconds. . . .

"I want a raid squad outside the Prado in five minutes. They may not be needed, but I want them there. Is it clear? Good." He hung up, and: "Come on, Kerrigan!" he cried.

A few minutes later we were off in a special police car. Somewhere a clock was chiming midnight. I looked out from the speeding car. Had Ardatha been detected by the spy set to watch her? Had she risked a ghastly punishment in communicating with me? But such speculations were useless and selfish. Resolutely I fought to focus my mind on the drama of Kennard Wood.

"It is possible," said Smith, "that the Doctor's watchdogs will be in the lobby." He leaned forward. "I am not familiar with the Prado, driver. Is there a staff entrance?"

"Sure—right on the corner of the block."

"Stop there—but not directly outside."

"It's one-way, so we turn up here . . ."

When Smith pushed open a revolving door, I followed him into a place tiled and brightly lighted where a number of men and women in white overalls were moving about busily. I heard the rattle of dishes and in the distance caught sight of a man wearing a chef's cap. Another man, who wore evening dress, came toward us.

"Perhaps you have made a mistake," he began.

"No mistake," rapped Smith. "Police Department. Inspector Hawk should be somewhere in the hotel. Send him a message to stand by near the main entrance, and get me a house detective or anybody who is well acquainted with the building."

The authority in Smith's voice was unmistakable.

"It will save time if you will follow me, gentlemen."

Our guide led us through a maze of service rooms, presently emerging in an office where a big dark-jowled man sat at a desk smoking a very short fragment of a very black cigar. As this man stood up:

"Oh, Sergeant Doherty," said our guide, "these police officers want a word with you."

From under heavy brows suspicious eyes regarded us.

"My name is Nayland Smith," explained my friend rapidly, indeed irritably. "Inspector Hawk is here?"

A swift change appeared upon Doherty's truculent-looking face.

"Why, surely, sir! I was puzzled for a moment, but I was here waiting for you. At your service, sir."

"Good." Smith turned to our guide. "Will you take my message to Inspector Hawk at once."

"At once."

The man went out.

"Now, Sergeant Doherty, I want to go up to Colonel Kennard Wood's apartment without entering the public rooms."

"Easy enough. The waiters' elevator is just outside. This way."

As we came out of the office:

"What is the house detective's report?" asked Smith.

Sergeant Doherty closed the elevator door and pressed button 15.

"It's kind of funny," he replied. "The Prado is a smart place for supper these days, and Pannel—the house detective on duty—says that when the supper mob was coming in he got an idea somebody had a large dog."

"Large dog? I don't follow."

"Well, he says he hunted around, thinking some crazy deb, maybe, took a thing like that along to parties—and animals aren't allowed in the Prado. But, except for that one glimpse, he saw nothing of it again, whatever it was."

As we reached the fifteenth floor and stepped out of the elevator:

"Is Pannel a reliable observer?" asked Smith.

"Sure." We were following Doherty along a carpeted passage.

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"Used to be with us. Mind you, he doesn't swear it was a dog and he doesn't swear he wasn't mistaken, but what he told me is what I tell you."

"When did Colonel Kennard Wood arrive?"

"He checked in around that time." Sergeant Doherty pressed a bell. "Colonel Kennard Wood's apartment."

A moment later, as the door was opened:

"Stay in sight of this room," Smith ordered.

Colonel Kennard Wood faced us. He was—a fact for which I had been prepared — superficially like James Longton; but I judged him to be ten years Longton's senior. In build I could see that the dead man normally must closely have resembled his cousin. Kennard Wood was graying, sunburned, and wore a single eyeglass.

"Smith! You are very welcome."

We went in and the colonel closed the door. I saw that he bore all the marks of overstrain and deep anxiety, but he placed chairs and proffered drinks.

"Thank you but no," said Smith. "The matter which brings me and my friend, Bart Kerrigan, here at this hour is one of life and death."

"I had hoped," Kennard Wood confessed wearily, "to enjoy a few hours' rest; I have had little enough during the past few days. So that the moment I got in, I notified you and proposed to go to sleep—"

"You would never have awakened," said Smith grimly.

Kennard Wood, dropping into an armchair, stared haggardly.

"You mean—I have been traced here?"

Smith nodded.

"As James will have told you," the colonel went on, "I was recalled at the very moment I was about to leave Havana. Some new and startling facts had come to hand. But, knowing of tomorrow's conference, I sent James ahead with all material to date. You have this, no doubt?"

Smith stood up abruptly.

"I SPEAK to a soldier," he said, "and so I can be blunt. Your cousin, James Longton—"

"Not—"

"I am sorry—yes."

Kennard Wood crossed to a small buffet and steadily poured out a drink.

"*You* are marked as the next victim!"

"As to that," said the colonel, turning, and his features were set in a coldly dangerous mask, "we shall see."

He served us a drink, drained his own glass and set it down.

"How—was it done?"

"Details must wait; but no doubt you recall the Snapping Fingers deaths in Port au Prince?"

"The Snapping Fingers! You don't tell me that James—"

"Unfortunately, yes. He went to Mrs. Mendel Hammett's undoubtedly believing that he would be safe there—"

"We both had reason to fear for our lives. There had been numerous attempts."

"So I gather. Where is your baggage?"

"In the bedroom. I will show you."

As we followed Kennard Wood, Smith began sniffing suspiciously. I, too, sought traces of the vilely charnel odor which evidently betokened the presence of the thing called the Snapping Fingers. I could detect nothing. In the bedroom, Smith stood quite still for a moment, looking around. It was an ordinary, if luxurious, hotel bedroom. The bed was turned down and folded pajamas were laid out; a traveling clock and some books were on a side table; a suitcase stood on a rack against one wall. Smith stepped into the bathroom. Toilet articles were disposed on a dressing table and on glass shelves.

He turned to Kennard Wood. The colonel had paled under his tan.

"Who brought up the baggage?"

"The hotel porter."

"Were you here when he arrived?"

"As a matter of fact, no. I was at the desk below, asking for messages."

"And who unpacked and set out?"

"The valet. I was in the sitting room. The man knows my ways: I have stayed at the Prado several times. If I understood what it is you apprehend, Smith, I might be able to help. But we are on the fifteenth floor of a modern New York hotel, not in Haiti!"

"Harsh to remind you, Wood, but poor Longton was in his own quarters in the home of Mrs. Mendel Hammett. Forgive me if I seem to take liberties, but I must examine your gear closely." As Kennard Wood moved forward: "Be good enough to touch nothing!"

WHILE the stricken colonel and I stood by, watching, Nayland Smith made a rapid but efficient examination of every foot of the suite; frequently he sniffed. High above the supper crowds, above the fashionable activities of Park Avenue, I thought that we were isolated, alone, as though Fate had cast us together on an uninhabited island. But the death mark of Fu Manchu was set upon Kennard Wood's door; he knew.

"I have found absolutely nothing," said Smith at last, "if I except these remnants of some kind of wrapping, which, however, you may be able to place."

He displayed what looked like a tattered piece of grease-proof paper.

"No," Kennard Wood shook his head. "Nothing of mine was wrapped in that; possibly a relic of some former occupant."

"Possibly," Smith murmured, and set the fragment aside. "Now for the acid test. I warn you, Wood, that I am submitting you to an ordeal of which I know nothing. But its outcome may be the solution of the mystery of the Snapping Fingers, an explanation of poor Longton's death."

"Give me my orders."

"I must add that nothing may be attempted. Both windows are open: the attack, if it comes, may come from either of them. In order to steel you for what may be a nerve-racking task, let me say that I believe that Longton was mistaken for you—"

"And died in my place?"

"I may be wrong, but I think so. Did you ever stay at Mrs. Mendel Hammett's?"

"Yes."

"Then I am right! But they know now. The material in the portfolio contained new facts?"

"New facts! Smith, there's a conspiracy aimed against this government which has no parallel in history!"

"I know," said Smith quietly. "That is why Longton died; why so many have died; why I am here. Now, Wood, I am going to ask you to lie down on the bed, and then I am going to turn out every light in the apartment. This thing always strikes in the dark."

"Very well."

KENNARD WOOD threw himself on the coverlet, taking an automatic from his pocket as he did so.

"No shooting!" snapped Smith. "Yours is the harder, the passive part. Is it agreed?"

"As you say."

"Just here by the door, Kerrigan. Do nothing without the word from me."

He moved. I heard several clicks. The whole place was plunged in darkness. Then came Smith's voice:

"Steady, everybody. Be ready for anything."

In the sudden darkness and silence, the buzz of that sleepless hive which is New York rising from far below, I became aware of a sense of impending peril which, as I knew at that moment, I had experienced before. Agents of Dr. Fu Manchu were near. Even had I been uninformed of the fact, I should have known it; every nerve in my body proclaimed it, was a herald announcing, psychically, the approach of some lethal thing.

Quite distinctly, from no more than a stride away, came a faint clicking sound.

"Great heaven!" breathed Kennard Wood. "It's here!"

"The Snapping Fingers!" whispered Smith. "Stand fast."

*What are the Snapping Fingers that drain a man's body of its last drop of blood? Will the mystery of their origin now be solved? Are the foes of Fu Manchu to triumph over this terrible menace in the dark? The astonishing outcome is one of the big moments in your next week's Liberty.*

# WILL HOLLYWOOD GIVE UP INTELLIGENCE?

**From an ace director . . Here's news and an outspoken challenge**

### BY WILLIAM DIETERLE

**READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS**

HOLLYWOOD has come to the forks of the road.

One path leads to a dead end; the other is long and progressive. One means stagnation, and the other represents a victory over ignorance. Which road will Hollywood take?

At this moment the situation, frankly, looks bad. For, after years of steady progress and improvement, the movies may finally give up their courageous assault on stupidity.

There is a movement on foot—and it has invaded every Hollywood mind and every Hollywood studio—to put the brakes on serious celluloid and to return to the old vapid entertainment vehicles.

For months it has been obvious how the wind was blowing. Now it has come into the open. Mr. Billy Wilkerson, owner of the fabulous Ciro's, publisher of the industry's Bible the Hollywood Reporter, recently let blast:

"Ticket buyers at most picture houses do not want to carry home heavy problems. They seemingly are not interested in biography. So why give it to them?"

To press his point, Mr. Wilkerson, speaking for the majority of producers, said also that he was speaking for the exhibitors, those men who run your neighborhood theaters. As proof Mr. Wilkerson quoted one theater owner in Nevada on the subject of my recent film, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet:

"I was greatly surprised at how few actually came out to see this picture. I consider it one of the best we ever played, but our customers thought otherwise."

Which, dear reader, puts the problem directly in your lap.

The producers of filmtown are claiming that you, the theatergoers, are not interested in anything but the constant monotony of make-believe and the escape of inane fiction. They insist that you do not care for intelligent and constructive movies.

And I am entering the pages of Liberty to disagree with those who harbor such contentions. I am speaking as an employee, a movie director of more than ten years' standing. For myself, I have never compromised on one issue—that while the movies must entertain, they must also reach the intellect. Personally, I have gone many consecutive months without my regular Wednesday pay check, waiting for a script that might be converted into *intelligent* entertainment.

I am asking for the opinion of the millions of people who depend upon the movies not only for relaxation but for mental stimulation, inspiration, and improvement. I am certain that you, the people, want your share of *good* movies based on important themes. I am positive that you desire a more substantial diet than daily servings of the same old froth.

Frankly, I think a certain element of the motion-picture industry is only attempting to make you the scapegoat of its own fears.

As in all other arts and industries, there is that particular group connected with the making and exhibiting of films who are appalled at the idea of progress. Their hearts are quaking with fear—fear of making the wrong move; fear of the unfamiliar; fear, above all, that humanity's welfare of the future may cost them money today. They are too shortsighted to see that each of our destinies is inexorably tied to that of all mankind.

In the days of the industry's infancy, conservatism may have been a virtue. The makers of pictures were groping with a new art. It was necessary to move with the utmost caution. They were in no position to stand the financial reverses that experiment for progress might bring about.

But such is not true of the industry today. Motion pictures have grown out of their swaddling clothes. Their makers are versed in the technicalities that over twenty years of intense study and experience have taught them. They have at their disposal accrued profits from their work. They should have on their consciences the welfare of the millions of people who have supported them faithfully for more than a couple of decades. Then why does this conservative element fear change? Is it that they have not grown with the industry? Are they afraid that their calibers are too small for the world of progress? Do they really believe that you, their audience, are incapable of intellectual expansion?

It is true, I admit, that serious movies are being supported by a minority. I have always looked upon the theatergoing public as a pyramid, with the more selective minority at the peak and the mass of people at the base. It is the duty of Hollywood to help crowd the peak of this pyramid, to lift the tastes of those at the base until they reach the top.

Toward this end, serious movies are an absolute necessity. By "serious movies" I do not mean vehicles

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lacking in entertainment. I mean only that the enjoyment need not be empty.

I believe it is better for a fan, going to a theater, to sit forward in his seat than to sit back. I think it the function of Hollywood not merely to dope the audience into a vast daydream but to shake the audience into a new aliveness, to fill the fans with excitement, to provoke them with new ideas and desires.

Intelligent movies have done tangible things for the populace. I'm sure you, as a theatergoer, will be the first to admit this. I recall that before I made my movie on Louis Pasteur, most people thought Pasteur was a supermilkman, some one who sold Pasteurized milk. Before Paul Muni appeared as Emile Zola, many connected Zola with coca-cola and thought of him as a popular drink. Before I directed Florence Nightingale, they told me they thought she was a singer. And I'll never forget standing in the lobby of the theater the night of the Dr. Ehrlich preview, listening to comments, listening to the great amazement of the mass that Dr. Ehrlich and 606 and the disease of syphilis were all related.

More recently I directed Edward G. Robinson in a screen version of Reuter, the man who founded the great London news' syndicate. Most persons, I realized, had heard his name daily on the air, in connection with the war, with news about Europe and Hitler and Churchill; but few knew who he was.

I insisted in doing this screen play on Reuter because, in the light of recent events, communication had become such an important thing.

THESE biographical pictures, only one type of the serious picture I'm convinced Hollywood must continue making, have been important to you for many and varied reasons—but all practical reasons.

First, so many people today wallow in a deep discouragement of unemployment, fear, worry. These movies, displaying, for example, Reuter's endless battle against defeat or Zola's gallant struggle against poverty and intolerance, have often injected you and your friends with confidence, taught you how to fight.

Second, in this era of speed, too many people take vital things for granted. This is sad. It makes people unappreciative and unhappy. Everything, ranging from an aspirin tablet to a radio set, is taken for granted, without any realization of the struggles and energies that went behind creation. Serious pictures, directed by myself and by others more capable, have awakened people, instructed them. M-G-M's dramatization of Edison the Man makes you happy with a thing so ordinary as your electric-light bulb. My picture on Reuter gives that word sense, gives all radio and newspaper reporters, all communications and news, a fresh meaning.

Third, these serious movies have taken Hollywood out of old formulas, made Hollywood do new things with big themes, made Hollywood stretch itself toward technical and creative advances. These serious movies have reached into life. They have been a synonym for cinema progress itself.

Today I feel Hollywood will make its greatest mistake if it drops intelligent pictures and lowers the standard down to the masses, instead of fighting and fighting to bring the masses up to the best of pictures. It dismays me to think that Hollywood may return to glorifying nonsense and indignity and the blackest sides of American life, not for the laudable purposes of exposé, satire, or improvement, but merely for sensation. It's no wonder that, when I visited Europe a few years ago, most Europeans, educated by our movies, thought America consisted largely of gangsters, chorus girls, crooners, drunks, and cowboys.

I AM certain that, in abandoning progressive pictures that have given Hollywood world recognition and universal respect, Hollywood will be taking the path to disaster. It is impossible to produce just for present standards. We cannot afford intellectual stagnation. We must move ahead.

Some may insist that my arguments are purely idealistic, that in these jittery times the item of cash completely refutes them. I cannot agree with such contentions, although I myself must depend upon movies for a living. I do not ask any one to work without profit; but I do insist that we look at the industry as a complete entity, and not mistake a segment for a whole.

To begin with, I don't believe that any of the progressive pictures ever actually lost money. Even if they did end on the red side of the box-office ledgers, I maintain that in a broader aspect they were financially profitable to the industry. They were the best advertisement in which it ever invested.

No one, I believe, will deny that such pictures as Zola and Pasteur and Ehrlich attracted to the cinema a certain element of the public which pictures had previously left untouched. Doctors, scientists, men of letters, for whom the average picture could have no possible appeal, came to the theater when they believed that a film might give them a little intellectual food. Once convinced that the cinema was offering some serious matter along with the froth, they shed their preconceived bias against films and were added to the audience of regular moviegoers. Serious men may not only tolerate but even appreciate the dessert if they are certain that the cinema fare will occasionally include a little meat. When this element was won for the films, the general box-office figures were, in cold numbers, increased.

One of the greatest box-office dangers the cinema faces is that of jading the appetite of even the middle-class average of theatergoers. Every man wants variety. The run-of-the-mill stuff can and must be counterbalanced by progressive films; otherwise the industry will find its public seeking diversion in other fields.

It is also undeniable that the progressive films have gained for the industry as a whole more world-wide and favorable journalistic comment than any other faculty. No one realizes the power and profit of publicity better than the movie industry. They invest millions in it each year. Can they not also see the millions of dollars' worth of free advertisement that progressive films have brought them?

Still, if Hollywood feels it cannot continue to support important and progressive movies, that it cannot chance such large investments for small profits, I would make a revolutionary suggestion. Simply this:

That, better, far better, than dropping serious pictures, Hollywood should continue to produce them, but on a different budget. They should contain no overpaid stars, no highly priced writers, directors. They should be made entirely with the accent on the story.

At first, lacking names like Gable and Flynn and Garbo, these pictures may not be supported by the masses; but, little by little, the average person would get the habit of intelligent pictures. Then they would make more profit, help more people—and both producers and public would be happy.

WHILE it might sound naïve on my part, I feel that eventually big names in the film industry would co-operate. Too many actors have already sold their integrity, their souls, and their ideals by appearing in drivel so that they might acquire a new swimming pool or mansion. Eventually, I feel, some of these would come into line, would sacrifice $5,000 a week for a still comfortable $500 just to appear in something useful and decent.

Yes, there is no doubt Hollywood has its share of problems. But the one of the moment, I repeat, the one of the greatest seriousness, is the movement afoot by retrogressive elements, not only in Hollywood but also among exhibitors and distributors throughout the nation, to curb the production of progressive and intelligent vehicles.

If the industry takes this path, calamity awaits it. That's why I've come to you, the people, to present the other side of the question. I'm sure that most of you, sensitive and alert, must feel as I do that Hollywood stands basically on the legs of its progressive pictures. It is this feeling, this conscience, that made Harry M. Warner, leaving the preview of Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, exclaim to me:

"Dieterle, if this picture never makes a nickel—I am proud of it!"

THE END

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# This time next year

## A tale of two hearts that will help *your* heart get ready for Christmas

**READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 21 SECONDS**

IF she had to listen another second to the plaintive strains of Star Dust whimpering from the nickel phonograph of the tawdry highway café she thought she would scream. She slumped down on a stool before the splintered counter and listlessly threw off her mink coat.

"Roger, if you fiddle around with that phonograph much longer we're never going to make Cheyenne tonight."

Through the dirty windows behind him she could see that the snow which had been nipping at their car since they'd left Green River was now sweeping across the plains in earnest.

He waited until another nickel clicked through the slot and then sat down at the counter beside her. "What do you want, Bea?"

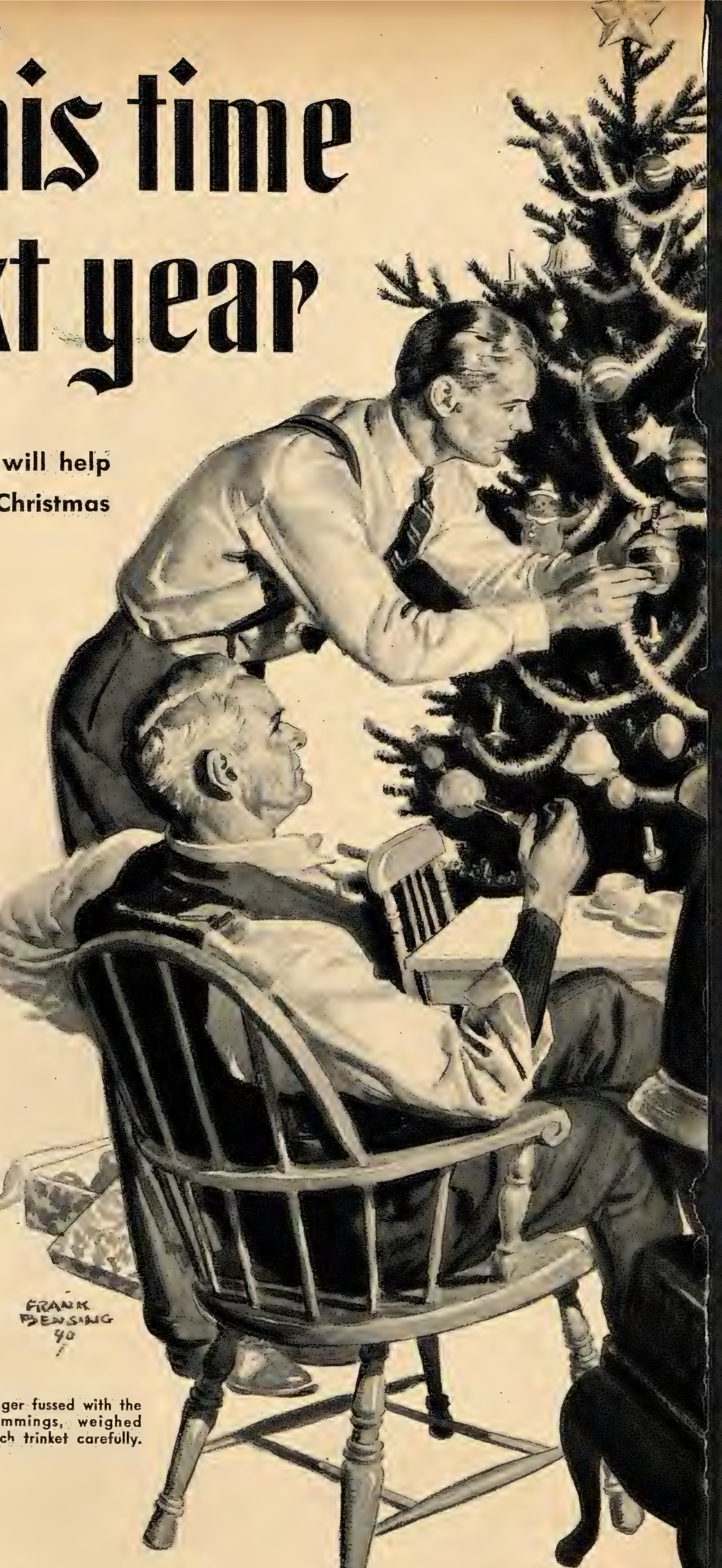
"I'll take a ham sandwich and coffee."

"Make mine the same," he called after the waitress as she started toward the kitchen. "And we want the coffee black. Listen, dear." He covered her fingers, that were tapping the counter restlessly. "Are you going to be terribly disappointed if we don't make Cheyenne for Christmas?"

She drew her hand away. "We've never had a decent Christmas, you know—or do you know? We'd have a good hotel in Cheyenne, and we might be able to find some picture we haven't seen—but hotels and movies haven't anything to do with Christmas."

He waited until the waitress had banged their plates down and moved away. "What do you mean we've never had a decent Christmas?"

She sighed and moved away from him. "I mean just what I said. The first year after we were married we went to that cocktail party at Monty's studio, and Christmas Day



Roger fussed with the trimmings, weighed each trinket carefully.

we didn't feel like stirring out of the hotel until evening. The second year we were stuck in some awful tourist cabin in Mississippi—I've even forgotten where. The third Christmas we drove through Nevada all day because there wasn't anything else to do, and the next year's a blank. But last Christmas we went to that horrible house party out at Darien—I'll never forget that."

He glanced at her over the curls of lettuce that sprouted cheerfully between the layers of his sandwich. "You haven't heard me complain, have you?"

"Complain! Well, why should you? You don't care. I'm the one who wants a home and a family. You've been on the road nine years and you'd stay on it another ninety if you were left to your own devices."

She slid off the stool, fastened her coat, and walked over to the door. I hope we *do* get caught in a blizzard, she thought bitterly as she shoved the door open and hurried to their car.

They turned straight east into the plains, and mile after mile there was nothing in the world except endlessly falling snow and the click of the windshield wiper. *Swishclick,* Walcott, *swishclick,* Medicine Bow, *swishclick,* Laramie, *swishclick*—

"You might as well begin making your peace with not getting to Cheyenne tonight," Roger said abruptly. "We're not going to have more than another hour to drive, and I can't do more than thirty in this storm."

One more hour at thirty miles per hour is some rickety town and some rickety hotel and we're stuck there over Christmas. "Oh, Roger!" She straightened up quickly. "Why don't you take Potter up on his offer to go into the home office when we get back to New York? It's the same salary, and we'd have a chance to settle down and do the things we've never had a chance to do."

"You mean like paying coal bills and trying to get the landlord to put the screens in by August?"

"Darling, I love you and I love to travel with you, honestly I do, but we've been batting around so long! Every time I see a childless old couple fussing about three-minute eggs in a hotel dining room it terrifies me. Why, we'll end like that ourselves if we aren't careful!"

"There're worse things," he said shortly. "Every time I go into the home office and see those poor devils hamstrung by sick kids and one expense after another that knocks them flat, I feel mighty lucky. There isn't a one of them who wouldn't trade places with me in a minute."

### BY LUCILE DRIFTMIER

"I doubt it," she said caustically. "And you'll never have a chance to find out if you don't slow down—you almost hit that snowplow."

"I can see it. Now what?" He stopped sharply, rolled down the window, and craned his neck out.

The great dinosaur in front of them had come to a stop, and the driver was climbing out of his cab. "I'll have to go and see what he wants. Turn off the switch, will you?"

In a moment he had been gulped up by the storm, and she huddled closer to the heater. She thought acidly, I'll write to mother and say, "Dear Mother: Sorry I couldn't call you on Christmas morning, but we were buried in a snowdrift some place in Wyoming. Maybe next year we'll". . .

"Well, that's that." He was opening the car door.

"I suppose we're marooned here for the night?"

"No, no; nothing like that." He leaned out of the window and motioned to the driver ahead. "The highway's closed on the other side of this hill, so the snowplow's going to turn off here and take us into a little jerkwater off the main road. Pretty decent of him, isn't it?"

She didn't answer.

"I asked him about accommodations, and he said there was one café in town that had an extra room we'd probably be able to get."

"*Roger!*"

HER heart sank to the tip of her black suède slippers and balanced there for one sickening moment. Christmas in some miserable café, with their suitcases standing in a corner and Roger talking blithely about the number of miles they'd covered since the first of December! Christmas coming and going once again without the telephone ringing and some one saying, "Can we drop in if we promise not to wake up the baby?" and a turkey waiting patiently for the oven, and a glistening tree.

He doesn't care, she thought bleakly as tears of disappointment sprang treacherously into her eyes. He'll give me anything in the world except what I really want.

"Well, here we are." He turned off the motor and watched the snowplow shuffle past them, rumble around, and start back toward the highway again.

She yawned and stretched her arms wearily. This was the end of the world, no mistake about it. A few lights flickered feebly behind them and a couple of dark buildings hunched mournfully at the side of the road. A derelict hulk lurched up out of the snow in front of them. Its two windows were covered with a thick meringue of frost, and near the top of the false front a tin sign jigged crazily back and forth.

They hurried up the plank walk without speaking. At the bottom of the steps she slipped on a patch of ice and he offered her his arm, but she brushed it away and floundered up them alone.

He opened the door and stood aside for her to walk in.

"Hello!" some one roared before she had gotten both feet over the threshold. "Turrible night, ain't it? You'd better git over here by the fire and warm yourselves up."

She whisked the snow out of her

SHE WANTED TO PULL HER FRIEND'S HAIR!

WAITING TO TELEPHONE
ARE YOU GOING TO DOROTHY BROWN'S LUNCH TOMORROW? I'LL BET YOU THAT THE POOR CREATURE'S SALTCELLARS WILL BE CLOGGED, AS USUAL!
GOOD HEAVENS, SHE'S TALKING ABOUT ME!
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WHAT A LOVELY LUNCHEON, DOT!
YOU'RE A MARVELOUS HOUSEKEEPER!
EVERYTHING IS SO NICE!
SHE THINKS: THANK HEAVEN I GOT WISE TO MORTON'S!
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WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS

eyes and looked at the old man who sat on a kitchen chair before the stove with his feet propped up on the nickel railing. Beside him sat a wisp of a child with her feet propped up on the railing too.

"You're lucky to get here," he went on cheerfully. "I was just saying to Becky here that it wouldn't surprise me one bit if Santa Claus got stuck up in Jackson Hole and didn't show up in these parts at all." He turned and winked at them broadly. Tell her he won't get here, that wink said. Lay it on good and thick and help me out.

BEFORE Beatrice could answer he brought down the front legs of his chair with such a crash that the little girl jumped and trembled. "Now I'll tell you what—the highway's closed and you folks aim on stopping here overnight, don't you? Well, I'll come right out, then, and tell you how it is. My name's Whitdrop—Len Whitdrop. Here." He took his pipe out of his mouth and hauled two more chairs over by the stove. "Set down there and make yourselves comfortable. Becky'll move over a little ways and let you put your feet up too."

Beatrice looked at the sewing machine crouched in the corner, the limp green cretonne curtains that only half concealed the sink, and said sharply, "I don't suppose you serve dinner here?"

"Now, I'll tell you how it is." He sat down again, wheezing noisily. "We ain't run any kind of a regular roominghouse here for the last coupla years, but there's an extry bedroom back of the kitchen that you're welcome to, and maybe between all of us we can jerk up some food. My wife takes care of that end for what tourists stop here—there ain't enough to shake a stick at, you know—but she went to Laramie this morning to visit her folks, and now, with the blizzard and all, I don't look for her back till I see her coming."

Beatrice caught her breath and glanced at Roger out of the corner of her eye.

"It's a shame she wasn't here today, too." He lowered his voice and looked at them mysteriously. "This little girl here and her mother came in about noon, and I ain't really got my breath since. The woman took sick and didn't trust herself to drive any further, so she turned off the highway and come over here to get help. I got old Doc Gallup rounded up in a hurry, and he loaded her right into his car and started for Laramie—said it was appendicitis and she'd have to get to a hospital quick."

"Oh, dear!" Beatrice looked at the little girl helplessly. This was trouble, real trouble. Imagine getting sick on the road and having to leave your child to the mercies of whoever came along. Dreadful!

"Yes, you bet I said 'Oh, dear!'" He leaned forward and tapped his pipe grimly. "It all come on so sudden I didn't have time to think, but ever since they left I've been beating my brains out trying to figure what's to be done with this young one till her daddy gets here. Doc telephoned him and he's coming from Cheyenne as fast as he can, but with the roads blocking up he's liable not to make it until tomorrow. She couldn't very well go to the hospital too, so here we are a-holding the place down together." He reached over and tweaked a miniature black braid.

Beatrice looked at the little girl beside her. Why, you're only a baby! she thought anxiously. And some one planned a happy Christmas for you, and put that beautiful angora sweater on you this morning and said, "Listen, dearest; tonight we'll see daddy, do you know that? *Tonight!*" And now—

Roger shifted uncomfortably and got up mumbling something about a place to put his car. Beatrice half heard the old man rummaging around for a lantern, but their voices outside in the dark seemed far away and lost. She looked down at the child beside her, and a sharp sympathy stabbed her.

Carefully she reached over and patted the fuzzy blue shoulder. *If I get too close she might be frightened.* "How old are you, Becky? Let's see; I'd guess you were about four—is that right?"

The big black eyes regarded her earnestly. "My mother's sick. My mother's *awfully* sick and they took her away and I want to go and see her."

THE fuzzy shoulder drooped and with one violent sob the too old endurance rushed out of the child and she shivered down into a little heap like a wounded bird. One small hand fell against Beatrice's skirt, and without warning something so sharp, so sweet flooded through her that she stooped over instinctively and gathered the child into her arms.

"There, there," she murmured. "Don't cry, now, Becky. Don't cry." The black head burrowed against her shoulder and the two small hands clutched at the frill on her collar.

"Look. You've been brave all this time, and it won't be so awfully much longer—couldn't you try some more? You know"—she sank down on the chair again and cuddled her closely—"all kinds of nice things are going to happen to you. Oh, my! All kinds of nice things!

"First we're going to fix you a very good supper right over there on the stove—see, right over there." She pointed to the crackling range that stood in enormous dignity at the back of the room. "And then we're going to find a place for you to sleep right next to our bed, so you can jump in with us if it gets cold. And then, if you're *awfully* good, I might get Roger to tell you a story before you go to sleep. Now, how would you like that?"

She felt the small head turn delicately on her shoulder and held her breath. Then she moved her head ever so slightly and saw the tear-filled eyes looking up at her trustingly.

"My, oh, my!" She laughed tremulously and bent over to give her a quick kiss. "What a cunning honey bear you've turned out to be. You wouldn't know, Becky darling, and of course I could be wrong, but something tells me that you and this blizzard are the best things that have ever happened to me."

She had just unfolded her handkerchief and was wiping the small snub of a nose (oh, she'd like a dozen small noses to wipe) when the door banged.

"Bea?" Roger trumpeted. "Come here and give me a hand, will you?"

"Coming," she called. But she made no move to get up. She stood Becky on her feet and brushed the scrap of a skirt. This is the way I'd dress a little girl, she thought as the fine wool fell softly underneath her hands. And I'd make everything myself, too, every stitch.

WHEN she finally hurried guiltily toward him, he thrust two briefcases at her. "It's stopped snowing, Bea, so the roads will be open before long."

Stopped snowing! No, they couldn't go on now! She pulled Becky aside as he kicked the door shut behind him.

"Did you run the car in?" she asked quietly.

"No; that child's mother had to leave her car in the shed, so ours will have to stand out. It doesn't make much difference, because I think we can pull out of here in another couple of hours."

"Roger! I wouldn't *think* of leaving Becky here alone!" She swooped up the little girl and looked at him defiantly over her black head.

"Holy mackerel, are you going to adopt that kid, Bea?"

"We're all famished," she countered swiftly. "As soon as Mr. Whitdrop comes back in, I want to help him fix something to eat."

He dumped the luggage into a heap and straightened up as she turned away. Becky's warm hand snuggled up in hers affectionately. If only Roger would look at the child, really see her!

"Listen, darling. Would you mind taking care of Becky while I'm busy getting dinner?"

He gave her a covert glance and grabbed up his briefcases. "Confound it, Bea, I've got my reports to make out."

"Fiddlesticks!"

"Do you want to lay over an extra day in Cheyenne? That's what's going to happen if I don't get them done."

"Excuse number one."

"All right; I'm just telling you what has to be done." He sat down at one of the two tables and began spreading out his papers. Beatrice studied him for a moment, hot with

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resentment. Then she gave Becky a gentle push and led her away.

Mr. Whitdrop thumped down a basket of cobs by the range. "Those'll give you a good quick fire," he said as Beatrice tied a dish towel around her waist and began filling the kettle. "I'll go out and get some wood to hold it. You just look around and fix anything you can find. There's a lot of cans in that cupboard above the sink."

SHE started checking over the shelves. How long had it been since she'd fussed around a kitchen? Let's see—I could make a cream sauce for those peas, and the beets would be good buttered. Corned beef. Roger loves that browned, and he'd like peaches for dessert, too.

"Let me see!" Becky clambered up on a chair and teetered perilously over the back.

"Becky!" Beatrice dropped the can opener and grabbed her. "You almost went over on the stove! Now look here, darling." She set her firmly on a stool and tilted up her chin. "This kitchen is no place for you—as sure as anything you're going to get burned." She looked at her perplexed, and then something sly and gay prickled in her mind.

"Listen, honey bear; do you want to know a secret?" She leaned over and whispered something in her ear. Becky's eyes widened thoughtfully.

"In there?" She pointed to the cretonne curtains.

"Right in there."

"Tiptoe like this?" She scooted off the stool and stepped as soundlessly as a kitten.

"Just like that."

Very cautiously Becky opened the curtains and crept through. Beatrice stepped back and held her breath.

"Roger?" Silence.

"Roger?"

"Hey, don't touch my papers! I'll skin you alive if you bother these things."

"Don't shout at me like that!" Her voice was a thundercloud. "I don't shout at you."

Beatrice stiffened. In another second Becky'd come running back heartbroken, and she'd have to brace herself somehow against his shrewd knowing. It was useless, use—

And then he laughed, loudly and admiringly. "By George, you're a spunky little number! You look like a wet hornet, that's what. Well, what's the game, nuisance? What do you want?"

"I want you to fix me a Christmas tree—a real Christmas tree for Santa Claus to see."

There was such shameless honey in her voice that Beatrice lifted a corner of the curtain and peered through gingerly. Becky was leaning against Roger's knee with one fat paw resting snugly on his hand, and the eyes that she lifted to him were wise with ancient wiles.

"A Christmas tree with stars and lights and everything," Becky went on confidently.

Roger cleared his throat feebly. "I thought Santa Claus was stuck in the blizzard. Mr. Whitdrop said so."

"He isn't. He'll be here in just a little bit."

"Sure?"

"*Sure.* Come on, quick!"

Beatrice grabbed for the corned beef as his chair scraped loudly, and she waved the can at him innocently as he brushed through the curtains. "Could you open this for me, Roger?"

He ignored her and bent over to tie his shoelace. "Where's Mr. Whitdrop? I've got to see him about some kind of a tree."

"Tree?" She turned around and began winding the key briskly. "Mr. Whitdrop's out getting some wood, but I think you're crazy to start bothering with a tree."

"Crazy!" He bristled. "Why, look at that kid!" He jerked up and waved at the prancing atom beside him. "She's half wild wanting a tree, and you act like she'd asked for the Empire State. What's gotten into you, anyway, Bea?" He threw her a righteous glance and reached for Becky's hand. "Come on, nuisance. Get into your duds and we'll see what we can find."

She waited until the door had slammed behind them, and then sank down on the stool weakly. Oh, Roger, Roger! She snatched up a corner of the dish towel and dabbled at her eyes. You're unbelievable, simply unbelievable.

THEY wolfed their dinner like people who never expected to see food again. Beatrice kept one ear cocked to Mr. Whitdrop's ferocious tale of a hanging back in 1886. Above his rattling voice and the constant chatter of silverware she could hear Becky's endless coaxing demands:

"Please cut my meat, Roger. Please can I have some more milk, Roger? Please butter my bread, Roger." Please, Roger—please, Roger . . .

She tried not to watch his patriarchal dignity as he cut meat, poured milk, and buttered bread.

"Eat that, now, or I'll shake the stuffing out of you!"

Becky yelped delightedly.

"Yes, sir, you eat every bit of those beets or there won't be a Christmas tree."

She scrambled out of her chair and climbed up into his lap. "Roger's going to make me a Christmas tree," she chanted, "a beautiful Christmas tree for the Little Lord Jesus."

His eyebrows shot up. "The Little Lord Jesus!"

"Yes, the Little Lord Jesus," she cried—"the Little Lord Jesus asleep in the hay."

Beatrice got up hurriedly and went out to the kitchen. She was making a great clatter with the stove lids when Roger came out.

"Listen, Bea." He drew her over to one side. "Hurry up and get her to bed, will you? There's a small fir out in back that the old man says I can cut down, and I want to get started. And there's something else, too." He brushed the golden hair away from her ear and whispered.

"Why, Roger!" She looked up at him starry-eyed. "That was clever of you. What made you think of it?"

"I don't know." False humility and pride played tag across his face. "I just got to thinking that there must have been some presents in the car, so I prowled around, and sure enough, the trunk was unlocked and it was stuffed full."

"You're wonderful, dearest!" She stood on her tiptoes and kissed him. "I'd never have thought of that in a thousand years."

WHILE she undressed Becky in the tiny bedroom she heard the cold chip of his ax against the tree. Then there were muffled scrapings as Mr. Whitdrop helped him carry it in.

She gave Becky one last pat and unloosened the clutching arms. "Good night, honey bear. I'll be right in the next room if you want anything."

When she came out, he pointed proudly to the bedraggled fir that stood humbly behind the stove. "There it is! Mr. Whitdrop's gone down cellar to root out some decorations, and then I'll get it fixed up. It's a beauty, isn't it?"

The memory of a dozen imperious silver trees in hotel lobbies flashed through her mind. She looked at the rusted fir. "Yes, it's a beauty!"

For an hour he fussed with the trimmings, weighed each trinket carefully, and stood back critically after every addition to get the full effect. Then he made five trips to the car for toys. "Some one bought out a department store," he said, lugging in the last package.

He wheeled the doll buggy under the tree and placed a pink-jacketed baby in it. He propped the sled deftly on its two gleaming runners and tied a pair of fuzzy mittens to the steering bar. He set the two red chairs neatly against the bright red table and placed the dishes carefully. And he was testing the tree to find a limb that would support the black-and-white panda when a car drove up in front. He whirled and stared at her speechlessly. There were quick steps outside.

"Hello," some one said as Mr. Whitdrop opened the door. "This is the café, isn't it? I think you have a youngster here belonging to me."

He was in the room now, a handsome man with anxiety and alarm riven into his face. "I've been sitting out in a drift not more than a mile from here since six o'clock waiting for the snowplow to break through. It finally made it, and number 30 is open into Laramie now, so I want to get on as fast as I can."

Beatrice tried not to look at Roger as he dropped the panda and cleared his throat. "We're stuck here ourselves—got caught around five o'clock. I"—he stopped and cleared his throat again—"I was just rigging up something for your little girl to have in the morning."

The rest was all a confused blur of Becky being stuffed into her clothes and crying sleepily in her father's arms; of Mr. Whitdrop pouring a cup of coffee and refusing to take a five-dollar bill; of Roger carrying out all the toys with a sheepish look on his face; and of herself kissing a small cheek quickly.

Then they were in the car, Becky already sound asleep against her father's shoulder. He opened the door and waved at them. "Thanks for all you've done. It'd been pretty tough on her if you hadn't taken so much trouble."

The door slammed and the engine began to purr. The wheels spun in the snow and then moved forward slowly. In another moment only the red taillight bobbed dimly through the empty street.

Mr. Whitdrop muttered something about more wood and disappeared as they turned and went back inside. The room was bleak and dreary. Roger slouched down in a chair by the stove and looked dismally at the funny little tree.

"A lot of trouble for nothing," he said sourly. "Blister my hands hacking that down, and then he comes and gets her." He sighed and kicked at the nickel railing. "Blister my hands and break my back carting all of that stuff, and then I have to pack it up again. No good reason why he couldn't stay here until morning and then go on."

"If I were in the hospital you'd want to get to me," she said thoughtfully.

"All right, I would. But why in the name of heaven did he have to drag her out tonight?" He snapped his heel viciously against the stove leg. "She was a darn cute kid, smart as a whip. Did you hear what she said when I yelled at her? 'Don't shout at me!' she said. 'I don't shout at you.'" He grinned reflectively.

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Then his eyes lighted on the tree again and he scowled. "I should have had some sand to pack that in; it's listing to high heaven."

"You can get some sand next year," she said.

"Next year!"

"Yes; next year at this time. You can get a dozen trees if you like, and we'll have one in every room of the house—even the kitchen."

There was no sound except the puff-puff of the stove. She stopped breathing and clasped her fingers together tightly. Above the loud pounding of her heart she heard herself begging silently, Please, dearest, say it now . . . *now.*

He tilted back on his chair and studied the ceiling carefully. For two centuries he scrutinized every inch of the riddled paper. Then he fastened his eyes on one spiderlike stain and said casually, "You wouldn't make me hold a Children's Hour every night?"

"No!"

"And you wouldn't stew about being stuck in one spot?"

"*No!*"

"And you wouldn't—"

But he never finished that sentence, for in one swift flash she was out of her chair and into his arms. "Oh, darling, darling," she cried breathlessly, "*darling!*"

THE END

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# THE 13 FUNNIEST SCENES

### BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

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THE theory that people go to the theater primarily to laugh is widespread. Although it is a theory that must come as a considerable surprise to those who have gone in such rich box-office droves to the plays of writers like Eugene O'Neill, Robert Sherwood, Lillian Hellman, and the like, and to the graver presentations of such actors and actresses as Maurice Evans, Katharine Cornell, and Helen Hayes, there is by and large nevertheless something in it. And the fact that there is something in it is hardly overlooked by the majority of the more bank-minded workers in the playhouse.

The history of our modern theater shows that two of the three plays which have achieved the longest runs, to wit, Abie's Irish Rose and Lightnin', have been laugh shows, and that the third, Tobacco Road, is not without its considerable vein of humor. The record further proves that of the plays and shows which have achieved from 600 to almost 900 performances thirteen out of twenty were laugh shows, and that the rest, with but three exceptions, contained liberal doses of humor. (The reincarnation play called The Ladder doesn't count, as its run of more than 700 performances was an artificial one financed by the author.) The record still further attests to the fact that of the third group of plays and shows, representing runs of 500 or more performances, sixteen out of twenty were full of fun, and that at least two of the remaining four had plenty of chuckles in them.

That laughter is a gold mine and that the men who merchant it are destined for all kinds of mazuma is, true enough, peculiar not only to the theater. It is true also of the movies, the book world, the comic strips, pleasure parks, cabarets, and numerous other things. But more than any of these—more, paradoxically, than even the so-called comic strips, many of which like Tarzan, Superman, Dick Tracy, Flash Gordon, the Phantom, and the Lone Ranger, are oddly on the melodramatic and unhumorous side—does the theater usually seem to be laughter's pet province. Even our serious playwrights, indeed, have occasionally profited on the side from a recognition and admission of the fact. Thus, O'Neill made a mint when he turned to humor in Ah, Wilderness! Sherwood did the same with Reunion in Vienna. Lillian Hellman is at the moment at work on a comedy after straight-facing things in The Children's Hour, Days to Come, and The Little Foxes. George Kelly made more money out of The Show-Off than out of any two other of his more earnest plays.

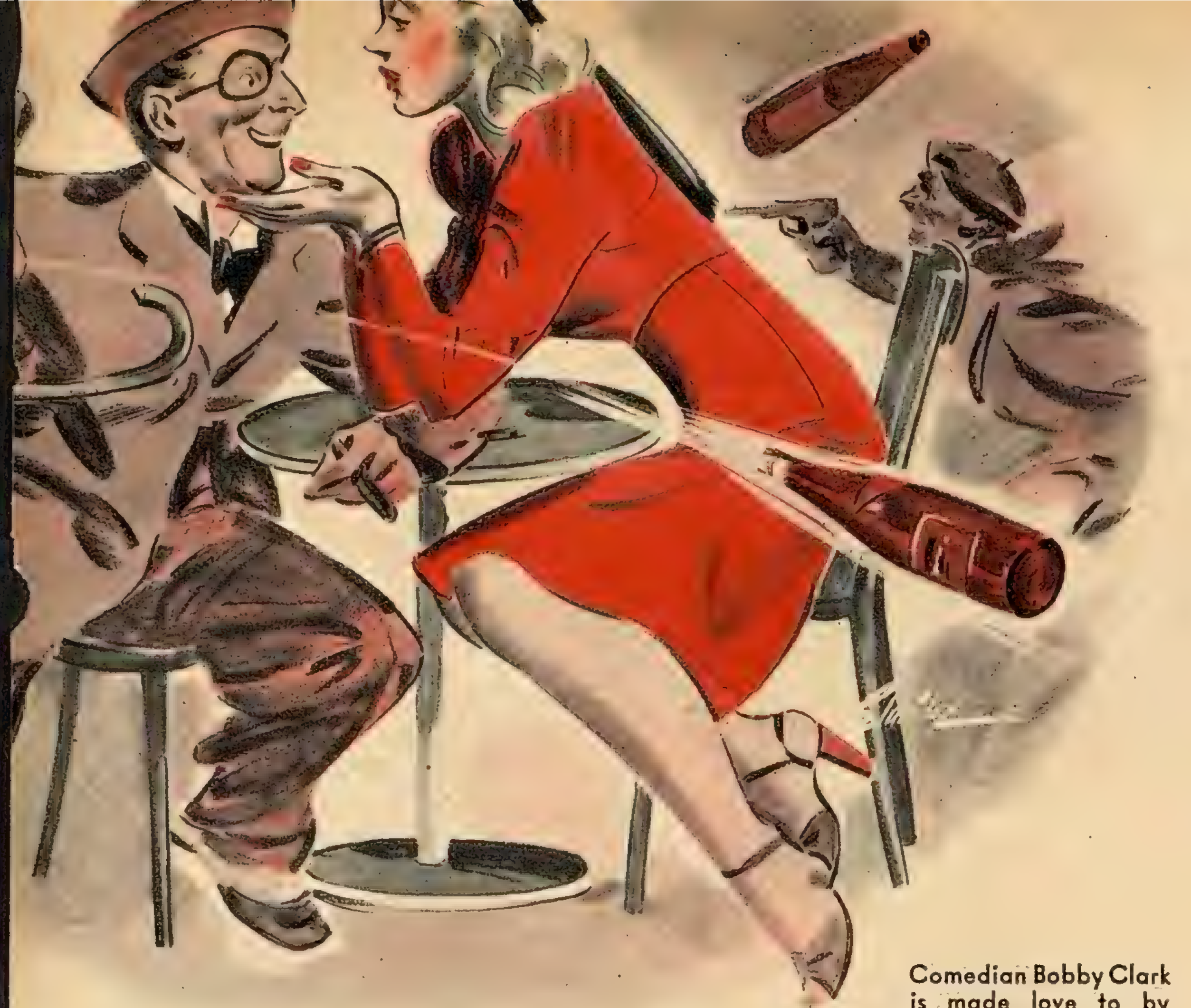
Look at some of the other playmakers. Lynn Riggs was pretty broke until he gave audiences Russet Mantle. Clare Boothe started out with an Ibsen frown in Abide with Me, failed to make a cent, and then turned to laugh shows and got rich. The Spewacks stopped crying into their beer with Spring Song, which flopped miserably, and, turning a thematic flip-flop, brought home the bacon with Boy Meets Girl. Saroyan gets prizes and more dough than he hitherto dreamed was in circulation with a play that tickles the trade's funny bone. Kaufman and Hart have made fortunes out of audiences' guffaws. And Zoë Akins, after ten successive more or less vain stabs at the box office with untipsy plays following her Déclassée, let go with the hot comedy The Greeks Had a Word for It, and cleaned up.

Rachel Crothers has been successful at the box office when she has set out to capture laughter by the tail and a failure when she has tried to give audiences something not designed for laughter. S. N. Behrman has prospered most greatly when he has been funniest. Philip Barry hasn't made a nickel on such sober attempts as John, Hotel Universe, and Bright Star, but has gone big when he has peddled comic stuff to the crowd. George Abbott lived in a dingy two-by-four dump in the West Fifties when he put on such exhibits as Those We Love, Four Walls, Heat Lightning, and Lilly Turner, and was able to move to the St. Regis only when he put on Three Men on a Horse, Boy Meets Girl, Room Service, Brother Rat, and What a Life. George M. Cohan has gathered in the coin with most of his frankly funny plays and lost it with most of his relatively more serious ones like Fulton of Oak Falls, Gambling, Whispering Friends, and Pigeons and People. It often seems to be that way.

Look at many of those who either haven't learned or superiorly haven't cared to learn the box-office lesson, some of them possessed of some serious talent. How big are the estates or bank accounts of Susan Glaspell, Elmer Rice, Paul Green, Sidney Howard, Hatcher Hughes, John Howard Lawson, Martin Flavin, Dan Totheroh, E. P. Conkle, Robert Ardrey, Robert Turney, Irwin Shaw, Leopold Atlas, Francis Faragoh, George O'Neil, Stanley Young, John Dos Passos, Virgil Geddes, the Siftons, Lula Vollmer, Albert Bein, Michael Gold, Paul Peters, Reginald Lawrence, Albert Maltz, George Sklar, Sophie Treadwell, and a lot of such others, God bless 'em?

I insert that God-bless-'em because this isn't an article of dramatic criticism but rather simply a record of hard facts, and I am on the side of any writer who values his independence and integrity above the beckoning finger of potential mauve motorcars, marble swimming pools, English butlers, and seven-dollar neckties.

What have been the most successful single laugh-provoking scenes in the theater's last few years? Opin-



Comedian Bobby Clark is made love to by a six-foot Amazon.

### An eminent critic gives thought to the prophets and profits of laughter

ions may vary, but I have an idea that the consensus would nominate the following as tops:

1. The scene at the end of the second act of You Can't Take It with You, when the fireworks idiotically being manufactured in the crazy Sycamores' cellar explode and rock the house, with everybody rushing madly in all directions save Grandpa, who just says, "Well, well, well!"—and sits down.

2. The scene in Hellzapoppin involving the escape artist in a strait jacket who, it is announced, will extricate himself in two minutes by the clock and who is still found vainly trying to get out of it on the floor of the outer lobby after the show is over.

3. The scene in The Time of Your Life in which Willie, the marble-game maniac, spends the greater part of the evening trying to beat the machine, and eventually, with a shout of triumph and upon the machine's bursting into colored lights and playing The Star-Spangled Banner, wins six nickels.

4. The episode in Love's Old Sweet Song wherein the Okie who has been lazily and contentedly snoozing for hours on the rich woman's lawn suddenly sits erect and with the utmost indignation blames all that is wrong with the world on the moving pictures.

5. The scene in the same play in which a vendor of Time magazine, by way of making a sale, gravely recites the names of its three dozen or more editors, rolling the monikers on his tongue with infinite relish and repeating the more euphonious ones for the benefit of the aforementioned Okie's slattern wife.

6. The scene in the men's washroom in Du Barry Was a Lady wherein Bert Lahr, the attendant in the washroom who has just won a sweepstakes prize, elaborately instructs his dumb successor in the complex art of brushing off a client.

7. The episode in Boy Meets Girl in which the daffy Hollywood movie scenario writer, who allows that he can't dictate to a stenographer because stenographers won't wear tights, subsequently engages in a protracted long-distance telephone conversation with someone in Paris, and when his scenario-writer partner objects to the use of his phone—"Certainly I object; I ain't gonna pay for your calls"—disgustedly returns, "All right, if that's the way you feel about it — here's your nickel!"

8. The scene in Leave It to Me in which Victor Moore, in the role of American ambassador to Russia, timidly receives the diplomatic representatives of other nations and, when the Nazi ambassador shows up, kicks him, with sudden bravado, in the belly.

9. The conclusion of The Man Who Came to Dinner, wherein the women's club lecturer who has broken a leg and who has installed himself in the Stanley home at length gets up from his wheel chair and, to the relief of the household, declares he is making his departure, only to slip on the icy porch steps, to sprain his ankle and to be carried back into the house again.

10. The scene in the dell in Hooray for What in which Ed Wynn, attempting peacefully to read a book, is interrupted by a succession of anticking dogs.

11. The bit at the very end of The Boys from Syracuse, a musical version of The Comedy of Errors, wherein Jimmy Savo pokes his head out of a door, upon the stage delivery of the only line retained from the original play, and confidentially whispers, "Shakespeare."

12. The scene in The Primrose Path in which the bawdy old grandmother of the dissolute household takes her young granddaughter on her lap and lewdly instructs her in the world's way of things—and then howls for more gin.

13. The scene in The Male Animal in which the two disconsolate males discourse alcoholically on the sex philosophy of animals and gradually work themselves up into a fighting mood to regain the women who have deserted them.

It has often been the diversion of critics definitely to catalogue the machinery of laughter and to prove that time-honored hokum is at the bottom of even the laughs that seem superficially new. In these catalogues figure such basic motivations as the fall on the rear, the attempted articulation of a difficult word and the despairing substitution for it of a simple synonym, the use of a cuss word for a suddenly humorous shock, and the abrupt turning of the ignominious worm into a fellow of brave resolve. While it can't be denied that such old hoke still operates luxuriantly—as witness the successful utilization of the devices named in, respectively, Hellzapoppin, The Time of Your Life, Margin for Error, and Three Men on a Horse, and while the public still laughs at such buffoonery as a comedian (Bobby Clark) being made love to by a six-foot Amazon—one finds that more and more the theater is beginning to demand laughter of a fresher and more ingenious cut.

The wiscrack, too, is slowly on the way out, at least in non-musicals; its place is being taken by the humorous retort that springs not from paraphrased vaudeville sidewalk conversation but from the individuality of the mind of the character making it.

Life with Father, the outstanding comedy success of the last two seasons, hasn't a wisecrack in it from beginning to end; the humor proceeds naturally from character. Tobacco Road, the outstanding dramatic success of the modern theater, finds its ribald humor similarly proceeding from character. On the tombstone of vaudeville those who run may read the necrological inscription: "Who was that lady I seen you on the street with that was no lady that was my wife."

THE END

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NECTAR
A BEVERAGE LIQUEUR
"More delicious than brandy"
PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY BEN BURK INC. BOSTON, MASS.

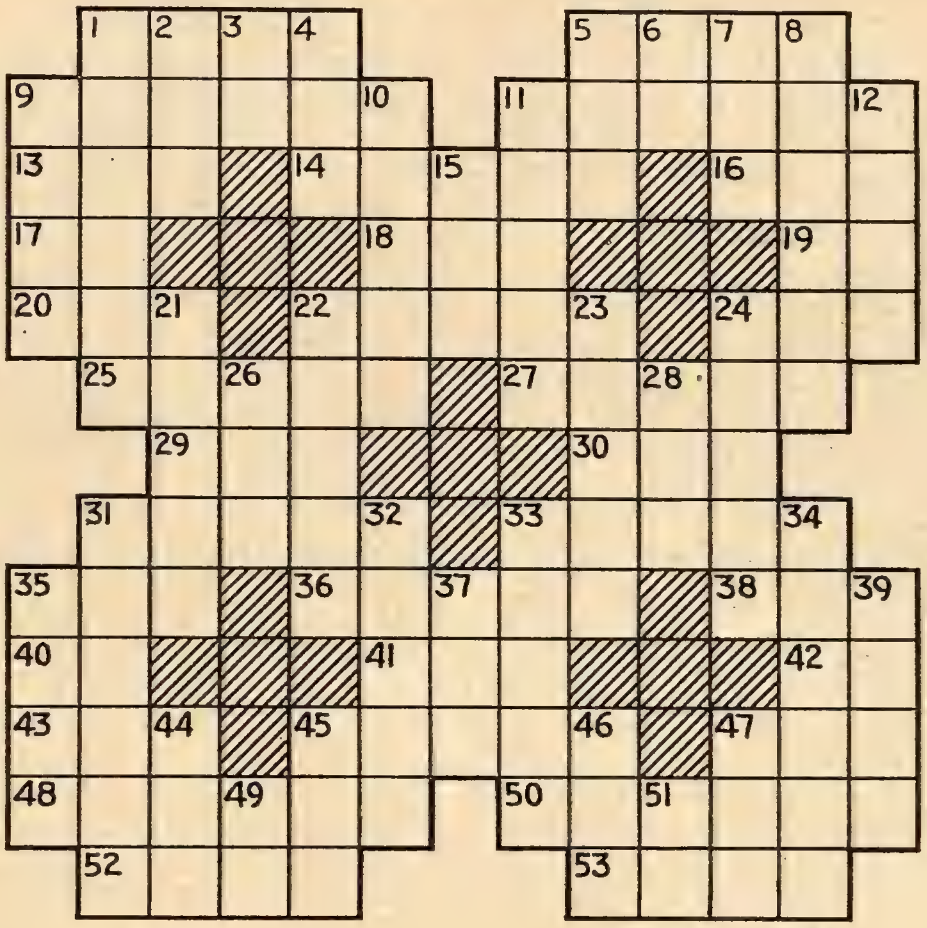
*Enjoy my Apricot Nectar—the largest-selling liquor of its kind in the world*

YES—and I believe your very first taste will tell you why my Apricot Nectar is the largest-selling liquor of its kind in the world today. It is a rich, hearty liquor with the tempting flavor of luscious, fresh-picked apricots. Drink it straight. A handy drinking cup tops each pint bottle.

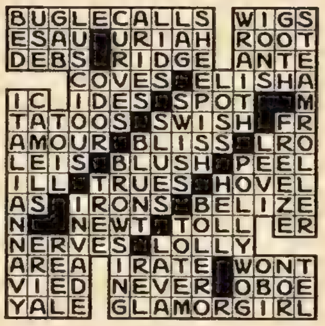
**OLD MR. BOSTON**
**APRICOT NECTAR**
Also Blackberry • Peach • Wild Cherry—70 Proof

*A Beverage Liqueur prepared by*
Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

# THE STORY PUZZLE By Margaret Petherbridge



To solve this crossword puzzle, you must first solve the story. For instead of definitions, every word in the puzzle is used in the story. Read it through once and write in the pattern above as many of the missing words as you can. Then go back and use your cross clues to find other words, until both the story and the puzzle are complete.



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Last week's answer

(A = ACROSS; D = DOWN)

This is no fable from (31A) but the story of a (8D), whose name was (5A) Antony. He lived on a ranch near (26D) Angeles and rode a fiery black horse with two (39D), curb, and snaffle. In (5A)'s veins ran Spanish blood, and, like all (50A), he had a (34D) heart. But he was also full of (25A) and sadness.

He (21D) on his wife. She was (3D) appealing (14A) with blonde hair, and she (36A) his heart and home. Her name should have been Cleo, but she bore the name of a modest flower, so her husband called her (42A). They had a tiny (29A) whom they christened Arthur but who answered to the name of (45D).

One fine day (5A) and (42A) drove to San Francisco. Of course they went (43A) Hollywood, and stopped at a (11A) noted for its food and drink, because they were hungry. There they (15D) a former suitor of (42A)'s, a (5D) named (6D) who I am sorry to say had the reputation of being a (24A). It would be telling no (2D) to state that he was seldom (10D). He was having a (29A) of rum and a (28D) of brandy and he drank his liquor (12D). This (5D) was no (52A), if you'll pardon the slang. His manners were execrable, although his college degree was (19A) and he wore a purple (45A) in his buttonhole. He proceeded to (47A) at their table, and while they (44D) some delicious shad (7D), he ordered a whole lemon meringue (30A).

It was obvious that his intention was to (38A) our (8D) of his gal. He (37D) a cigarette, and, showing his teeth in an evil (24D), addressed (5A): "You monkey! You (13A)! For two (39D) I'd break you into (39D)!"

To (5A) this was as a red (46D) to a bull, but he (35A) his ire with (45D) and gave (42A) a (34D) look. He would not be (23D) into a fight.

"I (40A) irked by this (52A)," he said, which was putting it mildly.

(1A)! Some men (35D) no sense. (6D) turned (51D) our heroine and cried, "You are my (16A) lamb! Come and (47A) on my lap!"

This familiarity caused (42A) to (32D) her lips. "(17A) quiet," she said. "I (18A) you to desist. You (33A) me."

With the speed of greased lightning, (6D), who had been trained (49D) Mack Sennett days, picked up the (30A) and (31D) with appalling accuracy, hung it on the (20A) of (5A)'s nose.

Even a (8D) must (33D) sometimes. (5A)'s Spanish blood boiled. As if the (53A) had rung for the first round, he (37D) into the college-bred villain and (22A) out proper punishment. The net result was a broken (41A) or two and a couple of cuts that the doctor would have to (4D) up. And (6D)'s face closely resembled a fried egg, (27A) side up.

Of course the (48A) place was in an uproar.

"*Quien* (9D)?" shouted (5A), as he and (42A) fled in their (22D) back to their tiny (29A).

May I (1D) a moral? The (11D) say that those who lead a life of (47D) always come to a bad (20A), as sure as jellyfish lack (9A).

Joe and the ex-farm he looks forward to running as a dude ranch.

# When I hang up my Gloves

**Frank, human, engaging! The champion looks ahead and reveals his plans for private life**

## BY JOE LOUIS

**as told to Gene Kessler**

**READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS**

TRAINER Jack Blackburn had the smelling salts out ready for action when I came back to the corner with resin dust on my seat.

"Put that stuff away. I ain't hurt none," I told him. It was the only time in eleven defenses of the heavyweight championship I was knocked down, and Jack seemed worried. "What happened?" he demanded.

"It was such easy picking out there," I told him, "that I just got careless. Started a left curve for the body, then stopped and he clipped me comin' in. Ain't hurt none."

In the very next round I made every shot count and dressed Tony Galento up right quick. He really was easy picking when I got down to fighting.

And so it has been mostly since I won the crown from James J. Braddock three years ago last June 22 in the toughest fight of my career. I have been reminded of this, too, every time I told managers John Roxborough and Julian Black and promoter Mike Jacobs that I was ready to hang up the gloves.

"Why," they said, "it's too easy picking for you to even think about quitting." And they were dead right. You couldn't find a softer way to earn a living—and couldn't beat the wages.

Four years ago I wrote in Liberty that I wanted to defend the title just twice, then retire undefeated. I meant it; but here I've already answered the gong for eleven bouts, which I am told is a record for champions, and I have itchy fists to make it an even dozen next spring.

I found it wasn't easy to quit a trade you had worked at for six years. In the first place, all the money you read about a fighter collecting for big matches isn't gravy. He has big expenses, bigger income taxes, and a lot of ways to scatter Uncle Sam's due bills that the average man never heard about. A boxer who winds up with one fourth of his earnings is mighty lucky.

My estate had to be adjusted so that I would be set for life before I could think about quitting. There were things I had to pay for, including the balance on a $100,000 annuity, and things I wanted to buy, including three houses in Detroit for my relatives. I had some investments that went sour. I had to find something to work at after hanging up the gloves.

All this now is finished business, I am happy to report. Together with Mr. Roxborough, I purchased a large farm near Detroit and turned it into a dude ranch. My job, after hanging up the fighting mitts, will be to run this ranch, which is right up my alley. It will give me a chance to ride horses, and I have some beauts. It will let me play golf and mix with people in the outdoors. And the dude ranch promises to pay dividends, which won't be hard to take, since we are expecting an heir this fall.

So I'm set now to quit fighting when the time comes. I have decided to hang up the gloves when:

1. An opponent beats me so decisively I am sure I no longer have a hop on my fast pitches, as ballplayers say.
2. The public feels I have run out of challengers able to give me fights worth the price of admission.

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Made Possible By Remarkable Scientific Development

● A remarkably advanced method in feminine hygiene is now creating a sensation from coast-to-coast. For this amazing method is not only dainty and safe—but gives continuous action for hours without use of poison. And actually kills germs at contact.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow-white suppositories spread a greaseless, protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful continuous-action suppositories. Yet entirely gentle to delicate tissues. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn. Even help promote healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Come 12 in package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors at druggists. Follow this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene women are raving about.

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Zonitors

Nervous, Weak Ankles Swollen

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. A printed guarantee wrapped around each package of Cystex insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money back guarantee so get Cystex from your druggist today for only 35c.

Brush Away Gray Hair ..and Look 10 Years Younger

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

The fight game has been good to me and I wouldn't do anything to harm it. Why, I remember when my mother was down to her last dollar when we lived in Detroit. My brothers and I had looked everywhere for work and couldn't find none. So she gave Alonzo, my oldest brother, the dollar and said, "You and Joe go over to the Ford plant and try gettin' yourselves jobs." Well, we took that bill and we went to the factory. There was a big, long line at the employment window and we stood there all day, waiting. Our dogs got tired and hot. Our bellies got hollow and gnawed inside. Man, we were hungry! Finally, Alonzo said, "Joe, you hold these places. I'll get us some food." He came back with a dollar's worth of hot dogs and we ate all of them. Then we stood and stood in line until we got hungry all over, and we didn't have any more money.

But finally our turn came and I was lucky enough to get work. Every day after that I lifted chassis onto the assembly rack and I was happy when my wages got up to twenty-five dollars per week. I guess Mom thought that was tops, because after I began throwing winning fists in the amateurs and wanted to try it for money under Mr. Roxborough's management, she didn't like the idea.

When I think that my purses in six years have totaled more than a million and a half dollars, I always remember that time Alonzo and I stood in line. So I don't want to stick around in the fight game just because it is easy picking. If it will help the sport for me to step out, that's what I'll do. On the other hand, if the game will be better off with me meeting all comers, I'll keep right on, even if I do have a hankering to hang up the gloves.

WHEN Julian Black, co-manager who signs for all my matches, closed the first bout with Arturo Godoy, some folks said, "That is a bad match for Joe. Godoy, with his crouching style, will make Louis look bad even in winning."

To which Mr. Black said, "Joe is champion. He is supposed to beat any other man, regardless of style."

And that has been our policy from the start; the only way I want to hold the world's crown. We do not draw any lines in accepting challenges. This Godoy did have a crab-like way of mauling which puzzled me at first. He kept me off balance all through our fight last February. He did this by bending his chin so low I had to reach down off balance to reach it and couldn't get any power into a punch. Then, when he got in close, he rammed his head against my shoulder and pushed me back so I couldn't get any sock leverage. I only hit him one solid blow that night and it just hurt his cast-iron jaw for a moment in the fourteenth round.

After that nightmare was over and one judge voted for Godoy, I told Mr. Black, "Get me a return match with Godoy as soon as possible." Then I went to work. I practiced uppercuts with both hands until I could put full steam behind them from any angle. I drilled on a down-shooting left jab, something like a torpedo shot.

When Godoy came charging at me, head down, in our second clash, I let him get into a clinch, then began drilling with these submarine bombs. Before the first round was over he was bleeding and reeling as my punches took hold. But he stood in close and traded blows without wincing for five rounds of rough mauling. In the sixth, I began knifing his face with the torpedo jab before he could get inside. That caused him to swing with long rights, which were easy to duck and counter. A short inside right, the first solid straight shot I landed during the fight, buckled his knees. That punch was the beginning of the end.

Just before the seventh round opened, I said to Blackburn, "Chappie, I'm going to fight like this was the last round. Maybe it will be." Then I poured everything in my gloves upon Arturo until he tumbled, head first. That man certainly could take it. He got up just before the bell rang. Then in the eighth he was cut down twice, first for an eight count and then when referee Billy Cavanaugh stopped it. And the man still wanted to fight after it was over. He never knew when he was beaten.

AND who will be next? Max Baer came back with his slashing knockouts over Galento and young Pat Comiskey, and it warmed my spine to see him fight like I always knew Max could when he made up his mind. Max now stands out as No. 1 contender, which means I'll have to whip him all over again.

I was sorry to see young Comiskey eliminated so early in his career, because he had looked like my fight of tomorrow. He looked to me like he was dripping with promise, but I guess he met up with fast competition before he was ready.

It is hard to pick out a young fighter, though, as a future opponent. They come and go overnight. But I will give any man a chance at the title if the fans think he deserves it, regardless of his style, race, or creed.

There are some other young hopes worth mentioning. Bill Poland flashed a knockout sock when he chilled Jack Marshall in the semifinal to my last Godoy whirl. Then there are a few colored boys with earmarks of contenders. Among these are Lem Franklin, a two-fisted hitter who knocked out Lee Savold; Altus Allen, who stopped Johnny Paychek; and Booker Beckwith, a twenty-year-old Gary lad with ten seconds of shuteye in each hand and a swift way of throwing it.

Perhaps one of these youngsters will step out and give me a good hard fight before I hang up the gloves. After one more real battle I will be satisfied to settle down on the ranch.

THE END

# To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

**READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS**

UNTIL I met Luise Rainer, the other day, I'd often wondered how it is she occupies such an individual place among the movie stars. You hear mothers say, "That's the kind of girl I wish my son would marry," and the boys agree. You don't find people feeling this way about other glamour girls, yet Luise certainly is glamorous. . . . A talk with her gave me interesting side lights on feminine appeal and cleared up the enigma. *She* understands the value of modesty—an old-fashioned virtue surprising to many of us because it now seems so new. Her memorable success in The Good Earth, I learned, derived from careful study of the deep-rooted modesty of Chinese women.

And Luise has humor. Told me about the time a crowd of Scottish fans insisted that she greet them from her hotel window in the city of Glasgow. . . . "I took hold of the window ledge and bowed," she says, "thinking that would be enough, but they called me back. I was tired. Passed my hands over my face and stepped out for another bow. The crowd howled with laughter. The soot from the ledge had transformed me into a blackface comedian."

☆ Recollections of France are on the lips of every one who knew and loved that lovely land. Fannie Hurst, in private, tells this off-the-record story of her last stay there. With her white Pekingese dog—little dog named Firenze—she got him in Florence, Italy—Fannie lunched at the Versailles home of Lady Mendl—Elsie de Wolfe. Elsie is a famous food fancier, and she likes dogs, too. "That awful hotel of yours," said she to Fannie—"the dreadful meals they serve—you shouldn't even let your dog eat there!" Whereupon Elsie had servants fix up a snack of sliced turkey for Firenze's supper. Fannie tucked the handout into her handbag and forgot about it as she went on to be ceremoniously presented with the keys of the town by the mayor of Versailles. The mayor asked for her calling card. She took one out of her pocketbook—and stuck fast to it was a nice plump slice of Elsie de Wolfe's turkey. The mayor accepted the card, turkey and all, without a flicker. He bowed elegantly and shoved the mess straight into his pocket. He was M. Gaston Henri-Haye, now French ambassador representing the Vichy government here.

☆ A health-wise lady I know keeps a thermometer *outside* her bedroom window to tell her how warmly she should dress. The new Wetherite Forcaster-Thermometer, decorated with wrought-iron leaves, is pretty as well as practical. Costs $1. Good for gifting.

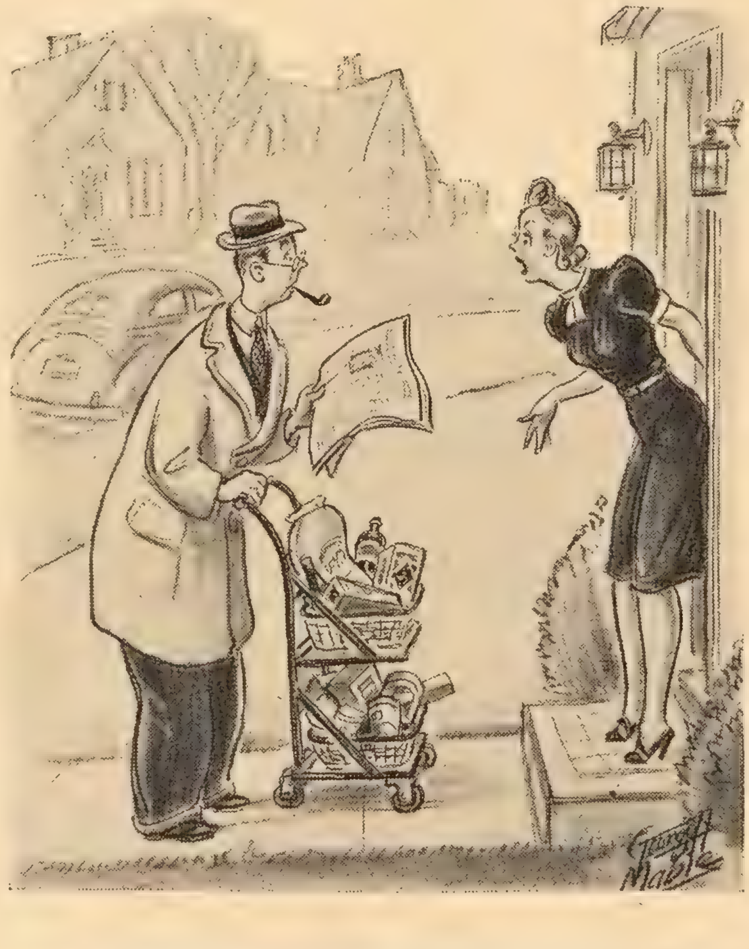
For the next three weeks I'll be suggesting more Christmas-gift novelties.

☆ Some of the inexpensive California clarets and red Burgundies are now so dry, so light in body, so perfectly suited to mealtime use, that they deserve the compliment of such a classic recipe as this *Baked Leg of Lamb, Italian Country Style*. . . . Make six cuts in the leg, each about 3 inches long, 2 inches deep. Stuff these with a mixture of 6 anchovy fillets boned and chopped, 1 teaspoon powdered marjoram, 4 cloves garlic boiled in 3 changes of water, then finely minced. Rub lamb with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, and quickly sear brown in hot butter. Add 1 cup consommé to pan. Cover tight. Bake 2¼ hours in moderate oven, basting frequently. Serve on large platter surrounded by broad noodles, cooked, drained, buttered, and sprinkled with Parmesan cheese. Dot the noodles with buttered croutons and diced pimento. Pan gravy on the side.

☆ Among the dozens of letters I have received in response to my query as to what we should do about left-handed eaters and their table tools, the most interesting, I think, is this note from Mrs. Margaret Stinson of Galesburg, Illinois. Mrs. Stinson says: "Seat your left-handed guest at a *left* end of your table. Every table, you know, has two left ends—and you rarely will entertain more than two left-handed guests at the same time, so this scheme ought to take care of any reasonable crisis.

☆ Hester Pine's new novel, The Prickly Pear, is a good book to read in bed. In it are artists, authoresses, interior decorators, and little-theater workers who make amusing bedfellows. All the *Bohemiana* for whom so many women readers seem to hanker. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

☆ Soap and chicken are linked rather surprisingly in our chain of economic factors. I met a lady who travels around selling soap to neighborhood grocery stores. And for every gross of soap a grocer buys she presents him with a premium. Nearly all the grocers, she tells me, want roasting chickens as premiums. Twelve dozen bars of soap—one roasting chicken. They offer the premium chickens to their customers—that's you—at bargain rates. Thus the more soap you use, the cheaper your chicken dinner. Isn't that a clean proposition?



"The self-service store just phoned and said you left baby in his carriage at the fish counter!"

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

# Seven Steps TO PERSONAL SUCCESS

## 2

## YOUR LOOKS

**Make the most of America! These pungent, practical words of wisdom will help you**

**BY PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN**

Author of Life Begins at Forty

YOU want to improve your personality. So you start working on your looks. Not because you want to but because you must. Everybody forms a first impression of you in the very instant you appear, a stranger before strangers. Everybody then forms a second impression of you as soon as you open your mouth, smile, talk, walk up and down, wave your arms, and draw your body up erect. Your reputation always starts with these two impressions. So you'd better take them seriously.

Now, I'm going to debunk all the popular books and courses on this subject here and now. They have misled you, not with lies but with half-truths (which are always worse than lies). Briefly, they teach you to look thus and so in order to create the best impression while at rest; and to behave thus and so to create the best impression while in action. I quote from half a dozen highly successful teachers and authors:

"Smile as you approach a person."

"Be sure that your hair is neatly brushed and your skin clean."

"Fingernails must be spotless."

"Clothes must be as tidy as possible."

"Shoes must be shined."

"Be sure that your body smells sweet and clean."

"If you are short, wear high-heeled shoes to make you seem taller; as tall persons make a better impression than short."

"Always extend a hand of greeting and tell the person you are meeting how much you appreciate him."

"Speak with a deep resonant voice as well as you can. And change the pitch often."

"Relax. Avoid all appearance of tension."

And so on.

Now, there are circumstances under which each rule would work well. But to offer all such as universal rules is wrong. And not a little wrong. All wrong!

Why so? You'll laugh when I tell you. And you'll wonder how it happened that all the mighty experts in personality culture overlooked the fact.

Here's the bald truth:

*First impressions are determined much more by the observer than by the observed.*

The observer's age, sex, background, and special immediate interests determine the impressions he forms of the person he is observing.

All popular books and teachers insist that the impressions arise from things in the observed person. So they list them, starting with the hair and ending with the shoeshine. Nonsense! You might as well list the things in a landscape which cause people to enjoy looking at it, regardless of age, sex, background, and individual interests.

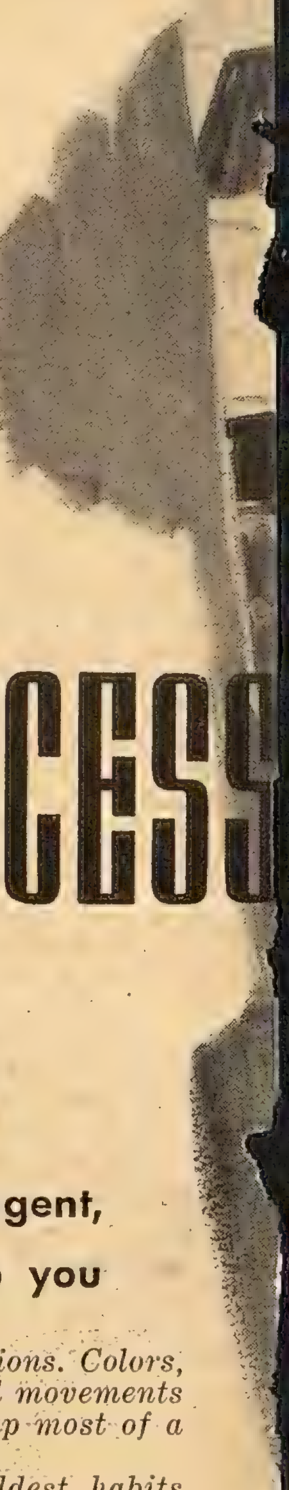
Here are ten men all facing the same stretch of open country. All behold the same trees, grass, clouds, fences, brook, houses, barns, cows, children, school, roads, and what not, before their eyes. Do all get the same impression? Bosh! One man is a geologist. He sees odd rock formations and grows excited over them, to the point of missing altogether the lovely clouds overhead. A second man is a farmer. He is disgusted with the scene; all poor soil, badly drained, and unfit for crops. A third man is a real-estate promoter. He sees where a subdivision might be laid out, how a swamp could be drained and made into a playground. And so on. Each of the ten observers forms a different impression of the scene. Background and private purpose shape each impression overwhelmingly.

So with people. The observer's habits, cravings, and momentary condition determine the impression he forms of each person coming in sight. Certain tendencies develop which you must understand and turn to your own good account. Thus:

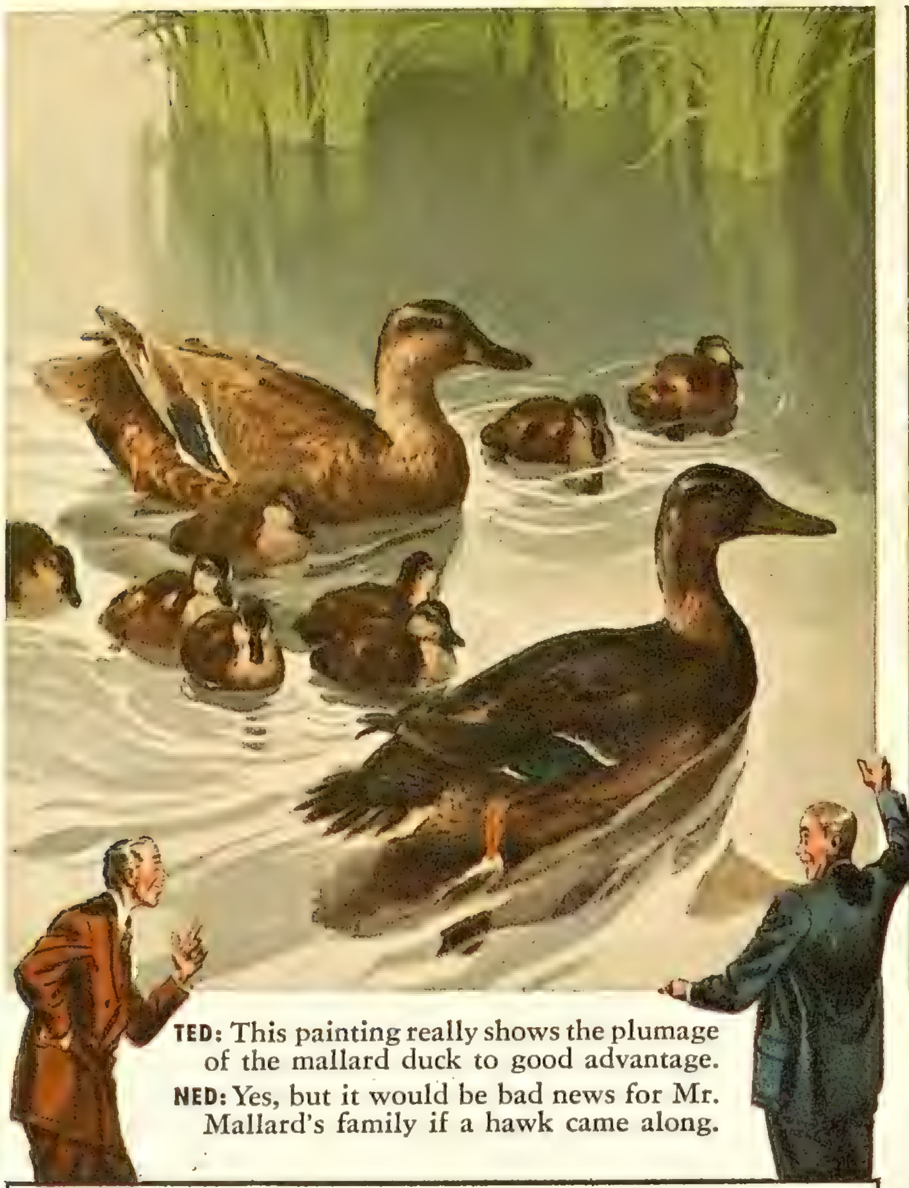
1. *Most of us have no interest whatever in most people we meet by chance. Hence we are powerfully swayed by esthetic reactions. Colors, shapes, odors, forms, and movements we like in people make up most of a disinterested impression.*

2. *At all times our oldest habits dominate an impression more or less. People must live up to our expectations if they want us to like them. These expectations are merely the projection of old habits.*

3. *A strong wish connected with the person or with the situation in which he appears before us deter-*

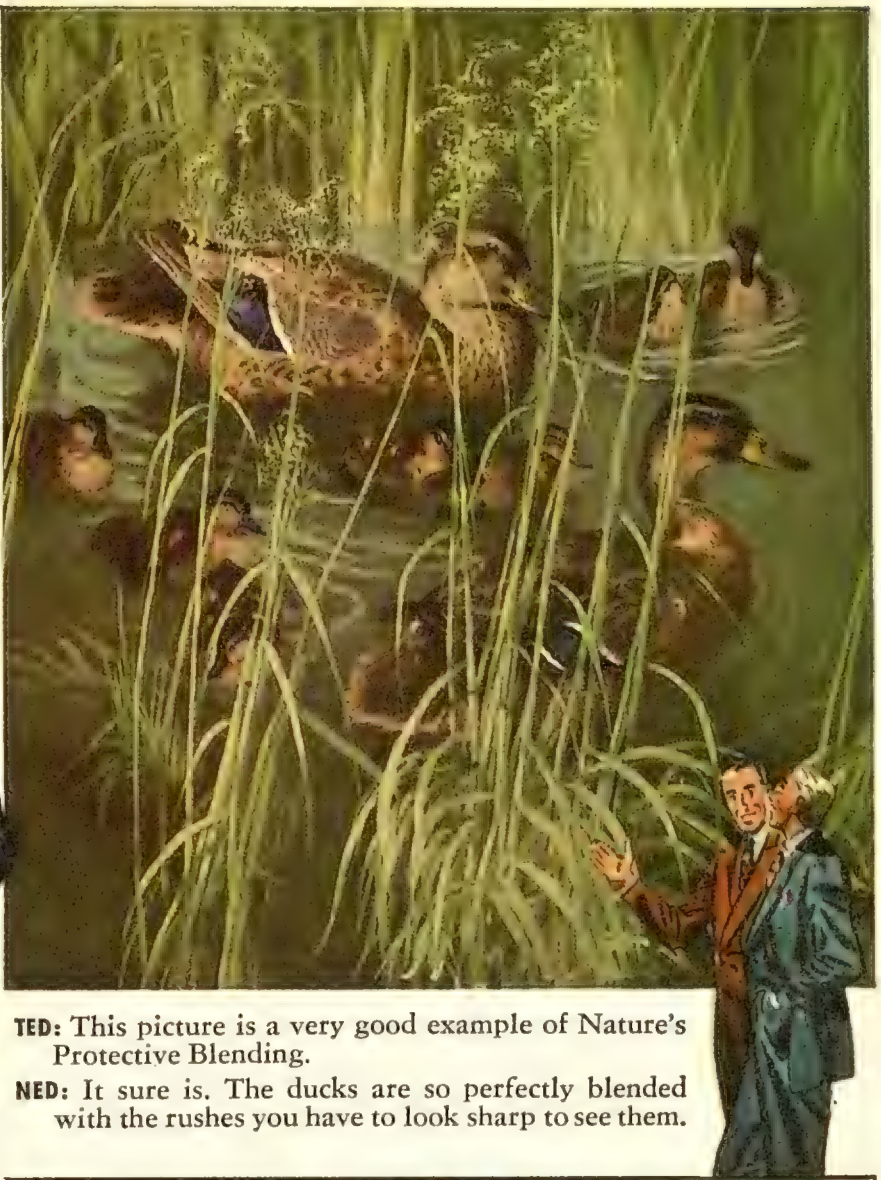


# NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE MALLARD



**TED:** This painting really shows the plumage of the mallard duck to good advantage.

**NED:** Yes, but it would be bad news for Mr. Mallard's family if a hawk came along.



**TED:** This picture is a very good example of Nature's Protective Blending.

**NED:** It sure is. The ducks are so perfectly blended with the rushes you have to look sharp to see them.

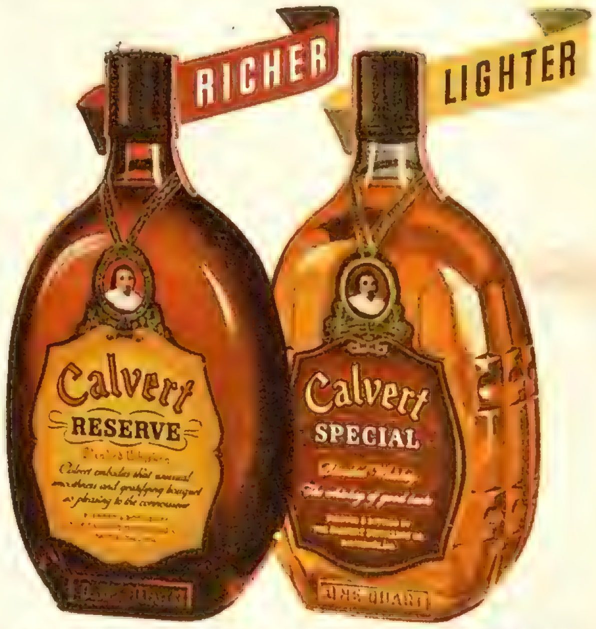
## CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

### protects the flavor and good taste of Calvert Whiskey

**TED:** I never tasted a whiskey that pleases me so thoroughly as Calvert.

**NED:** Naturally. Its precious quality and flavor is protected by Calvert's own exclusive method of Protective Blending.

**TED:** Well, whatever it *does* for this fine whiskey, it sure increases my drinking enjoyment—*all-ways!*



**BUY BETTER WHISKEY— BUY CALVERT**

**"RESERVE":** Millions gladly pay a little more for this *richer* premium blend.

**"SPECIAL":** Favorite of millions who prefer a *lighter* whiskey. Costs a little less.

**CLEAR HEADS** (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS)
**CALL FOR Calvert**

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City.

# YOU NEVER SEE HIM — BUT HIS EXTRA SKILL FLIES WITH YOU EVERY MILE!

WILLIAM H. MILLER
*Flight Supt., American Airlines*

I'D WALK A MILE FOR THE **EXTRAS** IN A SLOW-BURNING CAMEL. CAMELS ARE EXTRA MILD, BUT THE FLAVOR'S ALL THERE —**EXTRA** FLAVOR

THE ARMCHAIR above is his cockpit—but Bill Miller flies as many as 100 planes a day. North, south, east, and west from New York's LaGuardia Field *(air view upper right)* his radio control-room directs the course of *American's* giant flagships.

Flier, navigator, engineer, traffic executive all in one—yes, flight superintendent Bill Miller is a man with the extras—a man who *gets* the extras, too...the extra pleasure and extra smoking in slower-burning Camels.

For Camel's costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning give you extra mildness and coolness with a flavor that holds its appeal through the last extra puff. Camels also give you extra smoking per pack *(see right)*.

**EXTRA MILDNESS**

**EXTRA COOLNESS**

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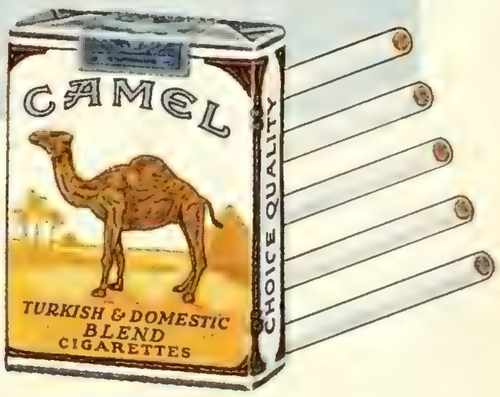
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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

## GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

**THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

*mines powerfully the impression the person makes on us.*

4. *Our momentary condition while observing a person affects the impression deeply but sometimes transiently.*
5. *Our age and sex also determine the impression we form of a person, but often in obscure manners.*

Apply these tendencies to yourself. Do you, for example, meet many strangers casually in your daily work? If so, by all means pay the utmost attention to the minor appearances of your body and to your conventional manners. If you clerk in a store, you must look at your best. On the other hand, if you happen to be a potato farmer in central Colorado, eighty miles from the nearest city, you may safely ignore such details.

Workers in large cities must care more for surface looks than those in villages and on farms. One never can be sure who is watching the little things, eager to spread slander over dirty fingernails.

Are your superiors much older than you? If so, try to look pretty much as people of a generation ago thought folks should look. I have in mind, above all, the matter of extreme cosmetic habits. Many a woman has ruined her chances of a good job and even of marriage simply as a result of running counter to the habits of employers sixty years old. In hiring and firing women workers—and I've had to do a good deal of that in my day—I've been conscious of deep prejudices against the overpainted, overfrilled, oversmeared woman. I know that my early habits are hard set against such fancy trimmings. But knowing it doesn't prevent the reaction. I've had to fight hard to avoid firing a highly competent woman because she spoiled her good looks with smears. Among men of my generation this is a common reaction. Oddly enough, I find it often among young men under twenty. They are made of sterner stuff than those who felt the impact of the jazz age, just after the first World War.

WHEN you first meet a person, do you know what his wishes are? If not, you'd better watch your step. For you lose if you appear to be something he doesn't want. No longer are you encountering somebody casually, somebody who has no interest in you. Now you meet somebody who wants something—and who may expect you to deliver it. In you he may wish to see a night watchman for his store, or a woman he'd like to marry, or a lawyer to draw up his will, or a possible business associate. Anything. How about your appearance?

Isn't it obvious that the old patter is all wrong? Won't the man's desires settle everything? If you doubt it, listen to a few short tales, all out of my own past.

A brisk young business man was eager to meet a certain lovely damsel. A friend of mine invited both for a week-end. As I rode back to New York with him on the Monday after the Sunday before, he sighed: "Well, you saved my life. Thanks forever."

"How so?"

"If I hadn't seen that dame close up, I'd have fallen for her. Now I'm through. Let's get back to business."

"Well, what's wrong?"

"Remember Saturday afternoon? She put on tennis togs and went down to the court. I thought she was going to play tennis. Oh, no. She didn't play. She would watch the others. Later we all went swimming down at the beach. She came along. Now she was togged up in a lovely beach suit. Not in a bathing suit. Oh, no. She just sat around on the beach and watched us swim. She didn't even stick a toe into the briny. Then she dressed for dinner. Next morning

"She thinks of dressing, of show. She does nothing. She's just a clotheshorse."

she dressed after breakfast to go riding. I thought she did, too; and I wished I could ride. But later I saw her returning from the village in the host's station wagon, eating candy. So I wrote her off my books."

"Just how do you reason it all out?" I asked.

"Just this way. She thinks of dressing, of show, of putting on dog. She does nothing. She doesn't swim, ride, or do anything else. She's just a clotheshorse. I'd murder her after a week of marriage."

He reasoned well. For he was enormously active. He needed an active wife who could take over important tasks, could work beside him and could at a pinch take over some of his enterprises. The clotheshorse would never have done. Out!

Glamour is a drug on the market, among men who count. It's hot stuff for college boys and movie fans, but not for people. In one month, several years ago, I had to employ about fifty men for as many different jobs. To me came a young man seeking work as an advertising solicitor. One look at him, and I sent him on his way—jobless. He wore a hundred-dollar suit of clothes. He carried a marvelous Malacca cane with a heavy gold band in which a jewel was embedded. His cravat cost at least five dollars, his shirt at least ten, his shoes at least thirty. He stepped out of a fashion plate. So he never reached home plate with me. I needed a solicitor who would walk in on a hard egg and crack his shell in fifteen minutes. He had to be a hard driving veteran of the agencies, versed in all the wiles of getting past office boys and in haggling over space rates.

A few days later one of my associates said to me: "I've found the world's best copy writer. Gosh! How he knocks out English!"

I looked in on the genius. He was my fashion plate! Now, I had been right in rejecting him; and my associate had been right in employing him. He would have been a misfit with me. He was a howling success, however, in putting advertising copy together. Thus always. Thus not alone with jobs but with all human relations in which one party wants something, while the other has something to offer.

Most tricky of all influences is the momentary condition of the observer. It's unpredictable and usually undiscoverable. It's life's worst gamble. Understand that, and you'll suffer fewer heartaches. A hang-over has ruined many a first impression. So has a long hard day. So has acute indigestion. So has a bad cigar. So has a bore.

One of the worst impressions I ever made was the result of a family quarrel. The parents were trying to force their nitwit son to go to college. Nitwit knew better. He belonged in papa's office. Colleges weren't made for him. So he fought the family conspiracy tooth and nail. More tooth than nail, I might say.

I had an important engagement with his father shortly after lunch. I wanted to get his name on a big contract. Friends had told me the old boy liked to be jollied, was fond of jokes, and didn't mind being coaxed to reminisce about his own past successes. So I went in all primed.

## 20 QUESTIONS

1-4 right ........................ Not up to snuff
5-10 right ........................ Par
11-15 right ........................ With honors
16-20 right ........................ Champ

1—When Albert Einstein became a citizen of the U. S. recently, he announced he had given up citizenship in what country?

2—What measurement does 2240 represent, and where is it used?

3—Is there life on Mars?

4—On the Jefferson nickel, what omission has caused comment?

5—Why are loving cups so called?

6—What two words follow *Vox populi* in the well known phrase, and what is its meaning?

7—Are tin cans made entirely of tin?

8—What is a dogie?

9—Although he escaped from numerous prisons, Erich Weiss was well regarded by the public —under another name. What was it?

10—What literary character was named after an old English dance?

11—In the 1850s, when the U. S. had less than 25,000,000 citizens, one book, not the Bible and nonreligious, sold about 1,000,000 copies a year. What was it?

12—In what year was the first air trip across the English Channel made?

13—How did the phrase, "let the cat out of the bag," get its meaning?

14—"This is no time to be gazing at the scenery." What modern "king" recently said this, urging his followers to join the army?

15—When the moon is full, the outline of what animal can be seen on her face, according to the Hindu mystics?

16—What is the "snow line"?

17—"Soft soap" means flattery. Could you actually give any one real soft soap?

18—What is the longest street in the world, and how long is it?

19—According to tradition, which two figures in da Vinci's Last Supper were posed for by the same model?

20—What leader of what religious sect was the subject of a recent motion picture?

(Answers will be found on page 56)

Never having met him, I did not understand his sullen silence. I opened up my line of sugary attack. He grew blacker and stiller. I got nowhere fast. A month later I learned that he had gone into a murderous rage over his son's stubbornness; and I had caught the transfer of his emotion a few minutes later. He told people I was a shallow jokester. Ever since then I've wished that people might hang signs on their office doors, announcing their emotional states, at least once every hour.

If you want to succeed in business and in social life, master the art of making the most of your personality. Professor Pitkin has more advice for you next week.

What's the upshot of all this?

*Never meet an important person on an important mission until after you have carefully studied him and know his habits and his background fairly well.*

*Never meet him at any random time or place. Study the most favorable setting minutely and then arrange it so that it may strike him as accidental or casual.*

*Do all you can to make clear to him (as well as to you) the precise purpose of your meeting.*

*Fit your behavior precisely to this purpose.*

*Sometimes arrange for several meetings at suitable intervals. Show yourself in one phase at one meeting and in another phase at another meeting, according to the purpose of each. The more widely you spread his impressions of you, the better, as a rule.*

*If your contact with him is purely social, break it off quickly at the first sign of fatigue, boredom, irritation, or other adverse emotion or state in him.*

*If your contact is serious, beware of suddenly breaking it off. Use tact to the utmost in suggesting a postponement.*

Throw away all the old rules about your dress and manners. Think only of the occasion. What does it demand? What sort of impression do you wish to make? This brings us back to the seven phases of personality.

Is it important to impress the person with your bodily appearance? Or with your manner of simple behavior as revealed in your walk, talk, gestures, poise, and so on? Or with the sexual phase of your nature? Or with your manipulative skill as a worker on things? Or with your social personality as a human being dealing with other humans? Or with your life ambition? Or with your drive of restless energy to realize that life ambition?

Remember this inflexible rule:

*The higher the phase that is important to impress upon the person, the more boldly you may neglect the lower phases.*

It comes down to this, in practice: If you are meeting a great statesman, to impress upon him your vast ambition to bring together all the English-speaking people on earth into a single mighty commonwealth, don't waste an hour brushing your hair and scrubbing your teeth. Strike with your heaviest artillery at once. Leave the popguns behind.

Are you a woman bent on improving your city government? Have you an appointment to appear before the city fathers and argue for your program, on which you and a score of experts have long been toiling? Then please, please, *please* don't try on eleven dresses and nine hats before going to the meeting. Put your mind on your program.

No matter what the human relation is, swing into action with your strongest personality trait. Try it. You may surprise your friends.

THE END

LABOR
BUSINESS
CAPITAL
VAGUE LAW

A memory—and a pointed parable for the days ahead

**BY MERLE THORPE**

Editor of Nation's Business

# Do we know Where we're going?

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHEN I was about eighteen I was a helper in a creamery in western Missouri. I fired up the engine at four in the morning, put ice water under the vats of cream, ran the churn, received the milk from the farmers, weighed it, started the separator, refilled the farmers' cans with skimmed milk. In the afternoon I tested the milk samples, steamed the vats and bottles and cans, toted three tons of ice in a wheelbarrow from the icehouse and hoisted it into the refrigerator, molded and packed 400 pounds of butter, entered the amounts of milk of eighty farmers on the books, made out bills for butter, and went to supper. After supper, another cooling of the milk, taking temperatures and testing, banking the fire, and so to bed.

Not that it is relevant, but the wage was fifteen dollars a month.

A drought came, and the cows cut down their supply of milk by one half. This loss of cash income caused a "depression," and many were the complaints and suggestions that came to Ole Lindstrom, manager of the creamery. It seems, as I look back, that every one of the farmers who formed the co-operative had a plan by which management could make up the loss of milk production.

One group had the idea, which I regret to say had the backing of the local banker, that if country butter were bought and rechurned in fresh buttermilk it could be sold as creamery butter. Ole refused, explaining that rancid butter would leave its odor in the churn and thus lower the grade of the good butter. Another crowd complained of the price the local feed stores charged for bran, ninety-five cents a hundred pounds, and urged Ole to buy a carload and sell it to members at cost. Ole made the mistake of losing his temper. He said he was a butter maker and not a bran dealer. He was called names, and, while I can't remember all the details, I imagine they called him a hopeless conservative, a reactionary, and maybe a Tory. Anyway, in heat, the farmers fired Ole, who caught the first train out of town.

They looked dubiously at me—and gave me Ole's job; that is, temporarily. I withstood most of the suggestions. Ole's conservatism had impressed me, and anyway I didn't have much time for experiments.

One of my farmer bosses was mechanically minded. He took clocks and cultivators apart for the fun of it. He said to me a half dozen times that I ought to take the "play" out of the bearings on the shafts which carried the power from the engine to the churn and separator. He said the nuts ought to be tightened.

So, one Sunday afternoon, with a stepladder, a monkey wrench, and an oilcan, I took out the "play."

The next morning, Monday, farmers with two days' supply of milk filled the vats. I started the separator. It reached 4,000 revolutions and no more. To separate properly, the bowl should have a speed of 5,600. I got up more steam. I glanced anxiously at the vats of milk, for it was an August day in Missouri. Farmers were standing around impatiently waiting for their skimmed milk and eager to be on their way home.

But I could get the separator up to 4,000 revolutions and no more.

I wanted to make good. I had pride. I didn't want the farmers, my bosses, my "constituents," to learn of my predicament. Naturally, I stalled. I tried to act carefree, as if I were master of the situation. I joked and laughed. I rolled a cigarette.

Time passed. What had happened to that piece of machinery? I couldn't admit that I didn't know. I went into the engine room to get away from the milling farmers. One of them—Crawford was his name—a man with common sense, caught me there.

"Bub," he said, "those bearings are burning out. The shafts are so hot you can't put your hand on 'em! Loosen the nuts a little!"

In my well intentioned but inexperienced attempt to improve the operation, I had tightened the nuts to a point where 140 pounds of steam couldn't get up enough speed to turn a machine fast enough to separate butterfat from milk and thus make butter for people's bread.

TEN years ago, the nation, going forward at breakneck speed, stumbled. If the mishap had not come at a time when for thirty years goods had been produced in quantities as never before and distributed so widely among the people, the bump would not have been so painful. Boom times and depressions have always been the rule since time began. It had happened eighteen times before to the people of the United States of America. But always they had tightened their belts, paid the price of misguided enthusiasm in sacrifice and hard work, and come back.

This time, after ten years we are no better off than in 1930. Indeed, there are those who believe that we shall never regain the prosperous times we once enjoyed. With threatening shadows of war and the need for preparedness, we should soberly analyze the course we have pursued, and, if possible, find the road upon which we can resume the upward march.

During 1930 and '31 we were first astonished that it could happen to us; then we became angry and looked about for some one other than ourselves to blame. The political "outs" were quick to indict the "ins" as responsible. This has always been good hokum. We put the "outs" in. But almost immediately, from every quarter, we began telling our new management what to substitute in place of curtailed production. We did not permit it to take the course it had planned. That course was the hard course, not the easy one. The new management had proposed: "an immediate and drastic reduction of governmental expenditures . . . of not less than 25 per cent"; a federal budget annually balanced; "a sound currency, to be preserved at all hazards"; the "removal of government from all fields of private enterprise."

WE had approved this program at the polls. But we were soft, very soft, and we gagged over the medicine we had ourselves prescribed.

It may be that we didn't know just what we were prescribing. It may be that we couldn't take it. At any rate, we made suggestions for easier ways, that by simply changing the machinery, without the atonement of work and sacrifice, the same objectives might be gained. It seems now that many of us, in making these suggestions, had in mind not so much the speeding up of the economic machine as to make it more perfect.

The most reactionary could not fail to hear the lumbering machinery. To some of us certain rattles were especially irritating. We had condemned, in and out of season, those which took the form of abuses and excesses. In fact, some of us had written books about them. At any rate, recovery was lost sight of in the cloud of dust raised by reform. Not content with the slow evolutionary method of gradually applying the brakes, we clamped them down with such force that the machinery by which men and women earned their living was unable again to reach the speed of the '20s.

We soon came to find ourselves demanding that the free-enterprise system do something it was not designed to do. We expected the machinery by which a people exchange the products of their labor, trade their services, undertake new enterprises, to spin along under political control. We were loath to scrap the old machine and set up a new one that could be *operated* politically. We expected the old machinery to operate as it was designed to do under private control.

As a result, we find ourselves in the situation described by clear thinkers like Mr. Bernard Baruch: we cannot make progress while we are neither one thing nor the other.

Fireside mechanics appeared, each with his or her suggestion for taking the "play" out of a particular part of the economic machinery. Few of them, if any, saw the operation whole.

Some were motivated by a desire to make America over in order to get a better America. Others had satisfied themselves that their failure to receive recognition or be successful was due to certain faults in the transmission line. So the nation embarked upon the gigantic task of restricting, through control, the activities of banks, investment banks, commercial aviation, power and light, stock and grain exchanges, oil, coal, labor relations, wages and hours, telephones, insurance, transportation, manufacturing, agriculture, retailing, advertising, and everything in between. New and unusual forms of taxation added to the friction.

But all this might have been overcome by the steam power of a mighty American industrial and commercial system. There was a greater depressant. Congress had to delegate its power to executive boards, bureaus, authorities, commissions, and federal corporations. It had to leave to them the definition of rules, their application, their infringement, and the degree of punishment. It had to leave to them, often without court appeal, the prosecution and the judging of the citizen, and the fixing of fine or imprisonment.

This brought about the "uncertainty" which the press has reported almost daily as preventing business expansion. In more than twenty-five years of daily contact with managers, actual and prospective, men who dare to risk upon a business venture their energies and savings—and other people's savings—I have not known them so bewildered as to the road ahead. Most of this is due to the lack of a legislative chart prepared in detail, as formerly, by Congress. Some unknown, hidden away in one of the rabbit warrens of a gigantic bureau, has the power to throw a monkey wrench into a well considered business operation.

THROUGH tightening the nuts of new enterprises, thousands of ventures have died at conception. And after the enterprise is launched and the processes of making, transporting, and distributing start, a hundred new uncertainties have been added by our political policemen to the normal uncertainties of business. For every step in production and distribution, controls have been set up. The makers of "everlasting" granite tombstones have been told not to use the word "everlasting" because the granite may not last forever. Demonstrations of foods in grocery stores are held to be unfair practice.

The farmer is told by a man who takes his authority from Washington which acres he may plant and what crops he may plant, and is given quotas he must not exceed. The employer is told which union he must deal with. He cannot discharge a man without coming under scrutiny—sometimes is forced to take him back, with pay for time out. Nobody knows exactly which employees come under the wages-and-hours laws and which do not.

The Social Security Board uses its power to approve allotment of unemployment compensation funds to work against a new labor law in Oregon. A Brooklyn manufacturer who attempted to go out of business because strikes kept his plant closed was cited for committing an unfair labor practice.

AND so on—and on. Thousands of rules are thus promulgated daily from fifty-odd new executive boards set up without the definitive powers of the old bureaus. This gives a picture of the uncertainty of business operation today.

In this effort to make a more ideal piece of economic machinery, the government required 153,000,000 reports last year from business men. Some of the reports were as big as dictionaries. One corporation advised its stockholders that the expense of making out its reports was $2,200,000. A congressman found, after months of hard work, that the federal government's bill for traveling expenses was $76,000,000 in one year. This indicates the number of federal employees now inspecting business operations, badgering managers throughout the country.

All this has greatly increased the expense and activity of government, an expense that can only be borne by producer and consumer. The cost of reform, of taking the play out of our business machinery, transcends the power of words to reveal. In 1938 governmental spendings, state, local, and federal, of $18,000,000,000, topped the gross income of the activities of all citizens of the states west of the Mississippi, which added up to $17,600,000,000.

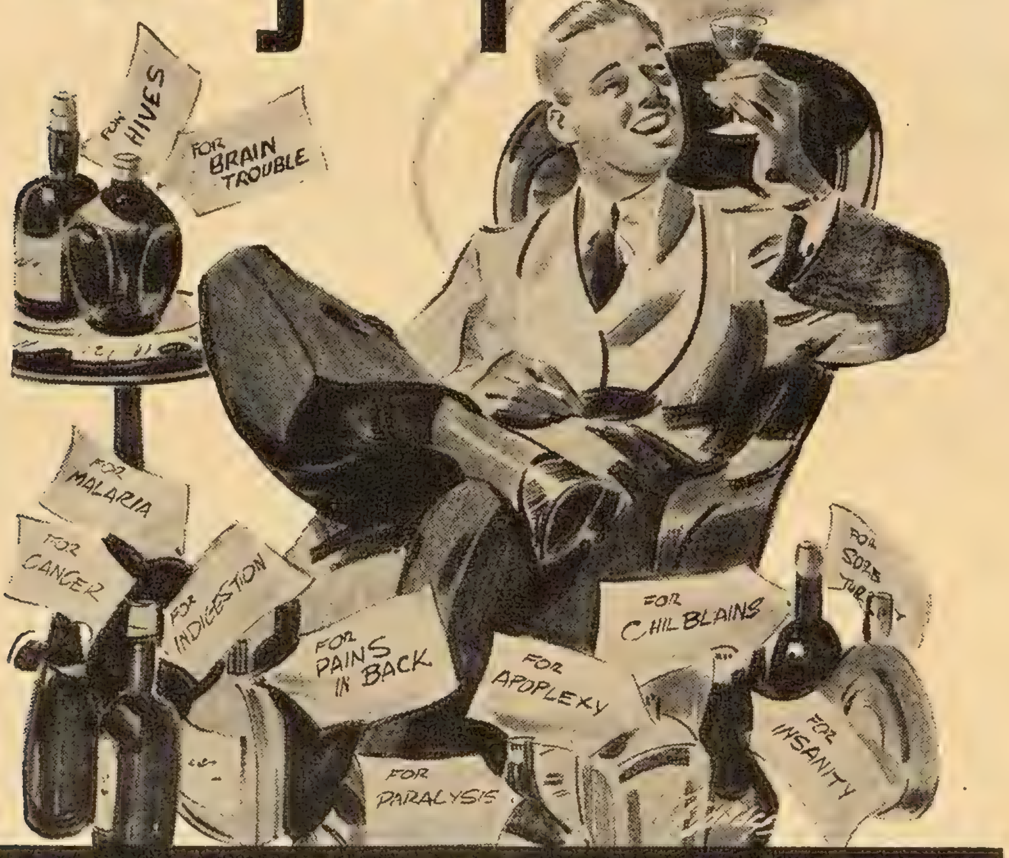
We may hope and pray for a speeding up of our industrial machinery to a point where it again will produce an $80,000,000,000 income. We can't have it if we deprive management of funds and freedom of action. We can't enjoy the sadistic satisfaction of seeing managers harassed and at the same time enjoy the harvest of management's accomplishment. Either one or the other. It is the people's choice. We, the people, have permitted the course we are pursuing.

Watching, as I have been privileged to do in Washington, the well meaning efforts to speed up business activity, again and again there has come to my mind the incident of the creamery helper. I have longed on many an occasion to say to certain official gentlemen—and ladies—what was said to him:

"Bub, the bearings are burning out! Loosen the nuts a little."

THE END

# THE Magic potion



*Liberty's True Short Short by Michael Hall*

READING TIME ● 1 MINUTE 50 SECONDS

AN actor, who had just come in to Chicago from Kansas, struck up an acquaintance with a Chicago Herald reporter, who wrote the following story for his paper:

THE ACTOR: "You know how we get beer and stuff down in Kansas, don't you? No? Well, I'll tell you. We have to fill out a blank application for what we want, specifying the ailment for which the 'medicine' is wanted, and file it with the druggist. He keeps these applications and makes a record of them, and, at a stated time, has to submit a report of all sales to the probate judge.

"Well, when I first went into the state I wasn't up to snuff, and one Saturday night, wanting to get some beer for myself and some friends for over Sunday, I filled out a ticket on which I gave my name and these items: 'One quart whisky, for dyspepsia. One dozen bottles beer, for same.'

"'That'll never do,' said the druggist. 'I'll fill 'em for you.'

"I agreed, and here are the tickets I had to sign."

The reporter read them off:

John Smith: ½ pint whisky, dyspepsia.
John Smith: 1 quart beer, indigestion.
John Smith: ½ pint whisky, brain trouble.
John Smith: 1 quart beer, malaria.
John Smith: 1 quart beer, consumption.
John Smith: ½ pint whisky, apoplexy.
John Smith: 1 quart beer, cancer.
John Smith: 1 quart beer, heart disease.
John Smith: 1 pint whisky, delirium tremens.
John Smith: 1 quart beer, sore throat.
John Smith: 1 quart beer, paralysis.
John Smith: 1 quart beer, liver complaint.
John Smith: 1 quart beer, pains in back.
John Smith: 1 quart beer, chilblains.
John Smith: 1 quart beer, hives.
John Smith: 1 quart beer, insanity.

The actor continued:

"'There,' said the druggist, as he put my bottles into a basket and gave me my change. 'If I succeed in curing you of all those troubles I want you to write me a letter of commendation, to be printed in the 1887 almanacs my brewers and distillers are getting out.'"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

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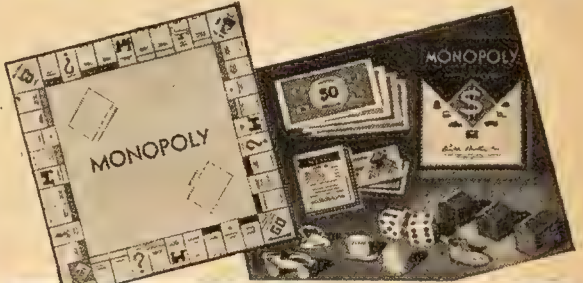

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# Du Barry 1940

## THE WOMAN WHO RUINED FRANCE

**Last hope . . and Roosevelt! Now comes the strangest episode of a nation's darkest hour**

**READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 20 SECONDS**

Paul Reynaud and his hard, unconventional wife were much older than Hélène Rebuffel, the odd but ensnaring girl from Marseilles who in the 1920s, at Mme. Reynaud's insistence, went to live with them. It seems to have been at a League of Nations session at Geneva, to which the wife had taken her young friend, that the husband, in his turn, succumbed to Hélène's beguiling witchcraft.

Later Hélène decided to be a married woman, and selected the easygoing Comte de Portes. Soon Reynaud was frequenting the young couple's apartment, and then the Comte dropped out of the picture and the Comtesse made a home of her own, which became the center of a political and financial circle. In 1935 she fell seriously ill. The devoted Reynaud left nothing undone toward a cure, and when finally she spent six months in Vienna under treatment he visited her there every week-end. By this time Mme. Reynaud, knowing that the two planned to legitimatize their relationship, was in a belated frenzy, raging at her.

Her illness left her thin, edgy, feverishly ambitious for her Paul—or, more accurately, for herself. Late in 1938, no sooner had he become Minister of Finance than she was pulling every wire with a view to his supplanting his political rival, Daladier, as Premier. When he did so, he and his wife had been formally separated almost two years. Hélène somehow or other got Georges Bonnet, as Minister of Justice, to use his war emergency powers and alter the French divorce law, making two years suffice for a separation to become a divorce automatically.

### PART THREE—RED PAJAMAS AND A FANTASTIC MISSION

BEFORE Hélène could signalize her triumph by a marriage to Paul Reynaud, the last stages of the war came thundering down around their heads, and it was necessary for her to concentrate on the immediate task of winning Paul to the policy of separate peace and early surrender.

Hélène moved fast. She had a private telephone line installed between her apartment and the Quai d'Orsay, and repeatedly forced Ministers and foreign diplomats to sit idly by while she harangued Reynaud. If the telephone conversation was not sufficiently effective, she rushed to the Quai d'Orsay, pushed by the guards, and made terrible scenes in front of Reynaud's callers and associates.

Finally she demanded and got an office next to his at the Foreign Ministry, and went to live with him openly at his home in the Place du Palais Bourbon—although, as we have seen, Paul and his wife were not yet divorced. In this way she was able, by day and by night, to bring pressure on Reynaud and on the Reynaud government to betray their country to Adolf Hitler. Thus the real Battle of France was not fought on Flanders' fields but in Paris behind locked doors and under dimmed lights. The real commander in chief was not Gamelin or Weygand. It was Hélène de Portes.

Her first step, once she had moved into her office next to Paul Reynaud's at the Quai d'Orsay, was to strip the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of all those likely to oppose her policy of surrender to the Nazi invader.

In so doing, it became necessary for her to go back on Paul's old

She took it upon herself to issue from her couch the orders for the day.

ILLUSTRATOR SEYMOUR BALL

By **FREDERICK L. COLLINS**

friends and her own, the very persons with whom she had conspired only a few days before to get Reynaud into the Foreign Office. While Reynaud and the other Ministers, on one side of the door between the two offices, were discussing measures to defend France, on the other side she occupied herself steadily with these, to her, equally important matters of personnel.

First to feel the weight of her gloved hand was Gaston Palewski, long-time political adviser of Reynaud, whose duties included the preparation of the more eloquent passages in the latter's public addresses. His dismissal, forced by Hélène shortly after Paul's move to the Quai d'Orsay, accounts for the fact that, as Premier, Paul Reynaud never made a really effective speech. To use an American parallel, the same thing happened to the Reynaud oratory that would happen to that of various Democratic statesmen if Charlie Michelson should resign as public relations counsel of the Democratic National Committee.

Gaston Palewski, however, was much more than Paul Reynaud's ghost writer. Reynaud was a notoriously poor political tactician. Left to himself, he was forever doing the wrong thing, or the right thing at the wrong time. For years the tactful, politically wise Palewski had been "covering up" for his chief. If he had been at Reynaud's side when the time came to form a Cabinet with which to seek the support of the Chamber, Reynaud would never have gone before the Deputies with so weak a slate that it escaped defeat by the margin of only one vote. But Palewski was an opponent of Hélène and Hélène's policy, and he had to go.

"Paul, if you don't send him away," Hélène would say, "our love can't continue; for I know this man has said to you every day for two years, 'If you marry Mme. de Portes, you break your career.'"

Reynaud, who well knew Palewski's value to him, resisted for a while but, as always, gave in in the end. The repercussions of this dismissal were so severe that Hélène did not have the nerve to take the blame; she tried to push it off on Daladier and, by inference, on her old enemy and Daladier's lady friend, the Marquise de Crussol.

"I had nothing to do with this dismissal," she told every one. "It was Daladier who required it because Palewski gave money to help the Socialist paper, Le Populaire."

Some of the Countess de Portes' critics have tried to read into these violent aversions a sex significance. Such a rendering of a situation wholly understandable on strictly political grounds would seem to be an over indulgence in the French emphasis on such matters. Whatever may be said of Hélène de Portes' conduct—and, in all conscience, we are saying plenty when we assert that she was the woman who ruined France!—there is every reason to believe in her personal faithfulness to Paul Reynaud.

For one thing, as her Parisian friend suggested in describing her efforts to minister vicariously to Paul Reynaud's tastes in the matter of feminine companionship, she was "tired." But mainly she was absorbed in the effort to put Paul across as the great man of France, and, of course, herself as the grand lady. If any of her victims among his friends and associates believed that her opposition represented any form of sex frustration or even sex antagonism, they were complimenting themselves far beyond the evidence of the facts.

Hélène was out to rid herself of all those who stood between her and absolute dominance in the affairs of the Reynaud government. And it was in pursuance of this policy that she went after the late Aristide Briand's almost legendary friend and counselor, Alexis Leger, who, as Secretary General of the Quai d'Orsay for many years, had been a sort of permanent Foreign Minister (without the title) who had at his fingertips the whole complex fabric of France's foreign policy, and had thus been able to keep the continually changing politically appointed Foreign Ministers from falling into grievous errors.

The de Portes woman's case against Leger was twofold. First, he was known to believe in a strong resistance to Germany, and was thus politically in the way. Second, although not what we in this country would call a radical, he was distinctly not one of the right Rightists, to whom Hélène was toadying, partly to secure political advantage for Paul and partly for social advantage for herself. Every night, so her friends say, she heckled Paul on this matter of Leger's dismissal.

## WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS TO ME by Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr.

JOHN PAUL JONES was wont to declare that a warship, off soundings at sea, must be governed as the veriest autocracy.

The better part of my life has been spent on board warships of our navy. As captain or as admiral, I was never allowed to forget for a minute that we were all serving a government founded upon the principle of the inalienable right of the individual, no matter his rank, color, or religion, to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Our Navy Regulations, and our courts to uphold them, based upon the principles of democracy, guide every official act and warn us that the rights of the lowest in rank among us must not be violated. Each man is thus assured that arbitrary power never can abridge his liberty of thought or expression, provided he is loyal to the ideals of democracy.

Underlying a form of autocracy, made necessary for the sake of discipline, is the healing hand of a great democratic principle which makes us conscious that each of us is master of his fate and captain of his soul. Both physically and mentally, we belong first to ourselves. This boon of liberty granted us must be within the law. Liberty must not be mistaken for license. We are free to do right as we please, but not wrong as we please.

Democratic government is not one of men but of laws. Those laws have been framed for the good of the greater number. The rule of men must lead to dictatorial power which our founding fathers slaved diligently to avoid in writing our Constitution.

"You can't imagine how many more friends you would have if you got rid of Leger, who has so many enemies," she insisted. "Moreover, I require this dismissal. He is too Leftist, and in his place you ought to put Charles Roux, ambassador at the Vatican, who has good social connections in Paris."

There was absolutely no truth in such a statement. Sincere supporters of the Reynaud government like Georges Mandel assured Paul Reynaud that he would give pleasure only to his enemies by dismissing a valuable man like Leger. Reynaud himself knew that this was so, and he put up a much longer fight for Leger than he had for his old friend Palewski. Leger stayed on for weeks. The word went out that Reynaud had at last asserted himself. But one morning the Secretary General read in the Journal Officiel he had been sacked.

Hélène's activities extended even to officials in the diplomatic service not actually in the Paris personnel. When the end came, she had just begun a campaign of defamation against Roland de Margerie, son of the ambassador to Berlin and himself first secretary of the Embassy in London. De Margerie, an old friend of Reynaud, was known to be among those who shook their heads over her growing influence. Only the advance on Paris and her preoccupation with plans for flight saved him from the same fate of the other two.

Dismissals were not the only thing with which Hélène busied herself. Replacements were quite as important, for the purpose of surrounding Paul with men who took their political policies from her and who would report all that happened in the Minister's room when she was not there.

Soon, however, she was not content to confine her daytime activities to acting through intermediaries. More and more often, ambassadors and other officials calling on the Foreign Minister to transact official business would find Hélène de Portes in Paul's private office lecturing him on what he should do.

When Hélène talked, she talked all over: her frail body shook; her arms flew out and up; she gestured vehemently. And when the callers arrived she went right on talking. She did not leave the room. It got so neither the envoys of foreign nations nor the members of the Ministerial staff were able, except on rare occasions, to talk to Reynaud when she wasn't there.

After Reynaud succeeded Daladier as President of the Council of Ministers—the official title of the Premier —Hélène did not hesitate to mix among the members of the Cabinet itself and impress on them the necessity of adopting her policy of flight and surrender. On one occasion, after she had watched the clerks of the Foreign Office prepare for immediate departure by burning the archives in the courtyard outside her office, she openly rebuked the Minister of Armaments for saying: "But if the Germans are truly coming to Paris, I do not wish to flee. I wish to take a gun and die like a soldier."

As is now known, the Germans did not advance on Paris at that time—last May—but turned northward to the Channel. Life in the capital went on much as before, except that Reynaud as head of the government made frequent trips to the front, which placed him for days at a time beyond the influence of Hélène de Portes.

Whereupon she took it upon herself to give morning audiences, à la Mme. de Pompadour, to Ministers and other officials in her suite in the Premier's house in the Place du Palais Bourbon, and to issue from her couch the orders for the day. If a Minister or a general, resenting this method of conducting the government, stayed away from one of these boudoir ceremonials, he was immediately summoned to attend, as if by royal command.

Hélène's favorite costume for her 9 A. M. affairs—in fact, her favorite costume for all affairs at which she could get away with it—was pajamas; and since red was her favorite color, the affairs of the French nation, in the weeks before its fall, were frequently conducted in red pajamas.

THE reference to Mme. de Pompadour is inevitable; but the resemblance lies chiefly in the hour and place at which their audiences were held. La Pompadour was much more tactful in the use of her power than was this modern Lady Behind the Scenes, who really wasn't enough behind the scenes. Also, there was a marked difference in methods.

The Marquise de Pompadour was a woman of outstanding beauty. In her morning receptions it is recorded that she wore no make-up of any kind, which is an evidence of transcendant loveliness in any man's experience. The Comtesse de Portes had been lovely too, not beautiful in the classic sense but intriguing. At eighteen, when Paul Reynaud first came under her spell, she was ravishing. At forty, when the second World War crashed down upon her, she was ravaged.

Two factors had taken their toll: disease and ambition. She had beaten the first, thanks to Paul Reynaud's devotion; but the second had beaten her. She was but a thin shadow of her former seductive self. Her tenseness, her continual straining to gain her ends, showed in her face. Gone were the childish contours, the early matronly roundness. She was gaunt, haggard, often frighteningly severe.

Unlike La Pompadour, she ruled by the knifelike sharpness of her mind.

She no longer concealed from any one that she believed France should make a separate peace—this in spite of the fact that the Reynaud government was under solemn promise to the British government to do nothing of the kind. Men like General de Gaulle and Minister of the Interior Mandel viewed with increasing dismay the part this confessed defeatist —to call her by no uglier name—was playing in the affairs of their country. Knowing that they could not depend on Reynaud to stand out against her in small matters, they feared that he might at any time give in to her in the great matter of surrender to the enemy.

The time was approaching when a decision on the major point of the abandonment of Paris must be made. General Weygand, from the first a defeatist, had returned from Dunkerque with the gloomiest possible picture of the plight of the French army. Eighteen thousand tanks, he stated, were rolling toward Paris, and the French line would most certainly again be cracked.

Reynaud, stubbornly patriotic to the last, favored re-forming the line and fighting on to defend the city. Hélène fought inch by inch against this policy, not only with the Ministers but with Paul alone, when she had him to herself in the Place du Palais Bourbon.

TO her political reasons for urging flight she now joined the personal reason of fear for her own safety and that of her possessions. Some one, presumably Reynaud, had showered her with jewels, which she wore in lavish abandon while the people sweated for taxes and the army died in the bloody mire of unpreparedness and disloyalty. Fearing more the anger of the Paris mob than the might of the onrushing enemy, she sought, from this point on, to take herself beyond the reach of the avenging herd.

To this fear, according to her closest associates, was attributable the fantastic scheme of flight to America with Eve Curie for personal intercession with the President of the United States.

Miss Curie, who is well known in America for her delightful book about her mother and for her own charming personality, knew the Reynaud family well, presumably through her great friend Henri Bernstein, the famous playwright and hero of eleven duels, who is now in this country. Bernstein is credited with having saved Eve from an inferiority complex under which she was suffering as the daughter of such famous parents as the discoverers of radium; and, by his encouragement, with having helped her to transform herself into the successful, beautiful person she now is. He was a great friend of Paul Reynaud and is at present writing a book about him.

Eve had treated Hélène de Portes with extreme kindness. At Paul Reynaud's request, she had stayed frequently with her during Paul's absences at the front. She was not taken wholly by surprise, therefore, when her telephone rang at ten thirty o'clock of the night of June 11, when the Germans had reached Pontoise and the news was very bad indeed, and Paul Reynaud himself was on the wire with the request that she come at once to his house in the Place du Palais Bourbon.

There they were, the two of them, rulers of France in her darkest hour, sitting in Hélène's drawing room in pajamas—the color of Paul's made no special impression!—seriously discussing this incredible idea of dispatching Reynaud's lady friend to discuss with Franklin D. Roosevelt the future of the human race.

Reynaud, so it is said, proposed to Eve Curie that she leave at once with Hélène on a torpedo boat which would be provided by the French government. Hélène, so the story runs, was to demand airships, tanks, troops—everything which she well knew the United States could not send—and in the event of refusal was to say:

"Expect nothing more of France. She is lost!"

Eve Curie, knowing the American mind in general and the American ideas about Egerias in particular, naturally declined to participate in any such undertaking. As she pointed out to Paul Reynaud, his own ambassador had already said all of this to President Roosevelt, and he himself in his now famous cabled appeal for "clouds of planes" had done all that any Frenchman, let alone any Frenchwoman, could do to achieve the impossible. As a French friend of both women phrased it:

"Eve, whose chief quality is common sense, answered the President of the Council that there could not be any question of such a scene of operetta."

Hélène must have been mightily disappointed. She may have believed that by obtaining some help from President Roosevelt she could gain, not a French victory over Germany, because she did not wish that, but a stronger bargaining position for Paul in the scramble for power among French politicians which was sure to follow a negotiated peace.

Then, too, there had been two children born during her marriage to the Comte de Portes and her friendship with Paul Reynaud. Both of them—a boy of nine and a girl of eight—had already been sent to America for safety. Undoubtedly this fact influenced their mother's attitude—may, for the moment, have dominated it.

Anyhow, she did not go. And the French military situation grew steadily worse. The decay of morale, which had begun at the top of the national tree, had gradually descended to the very roots of the republic. What Somerset Maugham calls "this tortuous story of terrified, shortsighted men who put private interests before their country's welfare" was bound to reach the ears of the men in the streets, especially the young men who might be sacrified at any moment in an attempt to cover up their leaders' inefficiency and rascality.

After the Munich fiasco, one young soldier had cried, "We've been led by

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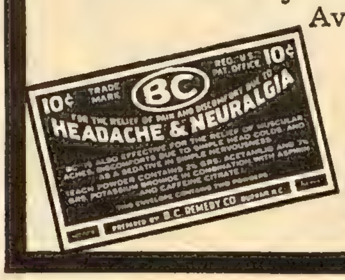

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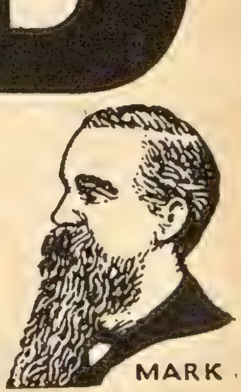

men with the hearts of rabbits." And when, after months of swallowing Hitler's insults in the Czechoslovakian affair, these same leaders suddenly took the offensive on what seemed to their disillusioned and suspicious countrymen a mere pretext of living up to treaty obligations to Poland, the cry went up on every hand:

"Why the war?"

The High Command, notably the Fascist-minded Weygand, apparently had no notion of defending objectives when such defense meant loss of property to their rich friends of the Bourse. The defeatist program, pushed by Weygand in the field and by Hélène de Portes in Paris, was slowly forcing Paul Reynaud's government into submission. An all-night conference was held. The abandonment of Paris—which Hélène had advocated since the morning of Gamelin's telephone call—was decided upon.

HELENE had her way not only in the fact but in the manner of the going. During the night a special train had been prepared for the government's use in the flight to Tours. Before morning, Hélène decided that it would be safer and more comfortable to go by automobile. So it was by automobile that the government of France fled from the beautiful city it had sworn to defend.

At Tours she lived with Reynaud in a château near the city, but spent most of her time at the Prefecture, where the Ministers met in almost continuous session to discuss a separate peace. Feverish, almost panting with anxiety, this ravaged woman appeared early in the morning and stayed all day—talking, arguing, forcing on every one her doctrine of separate peace and quick surrender.

Her constant companion at this stage was Paul Baudouin, whose appointment as Secretary General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs she had forced on Reynaud. Baudouin as a major political figure was what would once have been called, in dressmaking terms, a Hélène de Portes creation. He was really a banker, representing elements known to be in favor of an early surrender to protect their interests at home and in the dictator countries. As thoroughgoing a Fascist as Weygand, he gave no such impression of sincerity. He was soon to be Foreign Minister in the Nazi-controlled Vichy government, and he was intent on getting over as soon as possible the tiresome business of defending his country against a foreign foe.

Whenever Hélène de Portes appeared in the courtyard of the Prefecture, she was quickly surrounded by Deputies and others who knew that their fate depended more on her word than on the decision of the Ministers. The only man who declined to listen to her was that tall and lonely figure, General Charles de Gaulle. To all she repeated her prediction that there would be an immediate armistice, that German victory was assured.

In her heart, however, she knew that she had not yet won over a majority of the Ministers to her way of thinking. The Battle of France was still being fought. And, to increase her anxiety almost to the breaking point, a giant British warplane, flying unheeding over the enemy-held Channel ports, was bringing to Tours the one man whom she most feared—Winston Churchill.

## 'ROO by George W. Vos

When word reached the city that the British Prime Minister, recognizing the gravity of the situation, was himself flying from London for consultation with the French Cabinet, chaos ruled in the council hall. What should they say to him—they who could not agree among themselves on what was best to do? They *must* agree. That was the word which went out from Hélène de Portes' headquarters as she and her collaborators redoubled their efforts to bring about a majority vote in favor of a separate peace.

Then it was that Weygand tried his ruse of informing the frightened Ministers that Communist riots were already breaking out in Paris, that the revolution they feared more than defeat or disgrace was indeed upon them. This move was blocked by the coolheadedness of the Minister of the Interior, Georges Mandel, who called up the Paris Prefect of Police and learned that there were no riots or other disturbances of any sort.

While all this was going on, Hélène paced nervously up and down in a small room not far from the council chamber. Baudouin, her errand boy, went back and forth, keeping her informed of every development. The failure of Weygand's maneuver threw her almost into hysterics. She knew that the reaction would be unfavorable to her schemes; and it was. With the hour of Churchill's arrival drawing near, the vital decision to demand of England the right to make a separate peace had not been made.

## ✰ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ✰

### by Oliver Swift

✶ ✶ **HURRICANE'S WAKE, by Ray Kauffman. The Macmillan Co.**

A straightforward and lively tale. Before the war made simple adventure complicated, two young Americans sail around the world in a forty-five-foot ketch and take the reader along to enjoy a variety of foreign places and passing acquaintances.

Hastily scribbling a note, she rushed out into the rotunda and gave it to one of the guards.

"Give this to Paul Reynaud!" she commanded.

He didn't. He gave it to the first man he met inside the council hall. That man was General Charles de Gaulle. Reynaud never saw that note. De Gaulle still has it. The important words were heavily underlined in blue pencil. The phrasing seemed to indicate a private agreement on Reynaud's part to give in, although publicly he was still standing out. More likely she was merely trying to make him think he had agreed. Anyhow, it read:

"Do not forget that you have promised me to obtain from tonight permission for France to ask Germany for a separate armistice."

THIS note was read by de Gaulle at two fifty-five in the afternoon. At three Mr. Churchill arrived by automobile from the airport.

The only decision that the Council had been able to reach was that Weygand, in his capacity of generalissimo of the Allied armies, should be allowed to present the case for a separate armistice. He spoke at length for going back on their given word, for immediate surrender to the common foe. Then Churchill rose to speak for honor and courage and loyalty and faith.

Word spread throughout the great building that the crisis had arrived.

Hélène, alone in her little room, pictured the scene—the great, solid British statesman towering physically and spiritually above the frightened little men who had for weeks been playing their political fiddles while their nation burned and bled. She could, in her imagination, hear that rich, full-throated, confidence-inspiring voice filling the council hall with the words of a man who was unafraid. She could see the little men cringing, yielding.

Finally she could bear the suspense no longer. She flung open the door into the rotunda. She would go herself into the council room to confront this Winston Churchill!

*Who was to prevent her—and what was she to do about it? In what circumstances, even more crucial, was Britain's military envoy to find her listening at a keyhole, and to be screeched at by her? What are the facts about the motor smash-up that left Reynaud badly hurt and left her dead? All these things Mr. Collins will tell you next week!*

# They Can Take It *and Laugh*

**The amazing British send us fun—from the midst of war**

## BY BEVERLY HILLS

**READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS**

### ★ ★ ★ NIGHT TRAIN

THE PLAYERS: Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison, Paul von Hernreid, Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, James Harcourt, Felix Aylmer, Wyndham Goldie, Roland Culver, Eliot Makeham, Raymond Huntley, Austen Trevor, Kenneth Kent, C. V. France, Fritz Valk, Morland Graham. Screen play by Sydney Gilliat and Frank Launder based on a story by Gordon Wellesley. Directed by Carol Reed. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 94 minutes.

HERE is a neat little British-made melodrama of espionage and counterespionage just before England and Germany faced each other across the Channel—and immediately after. It is tight, compact, and ingenious, one of those little pictures that surprise. With destiny just around the corner and thunderbolts dropping from the sky, the British can somehow take it and still laugh at themselves. There are two priceless Britons here, on a German train headed for the border, with the world going to pieces all around them, distraught over the loss of a bag of golf sticks.

You will find a handsome German spy, a shrewd, suave young British secret agent, and, in peril, the lovely daughter of an inventor of something or other of priceless value to the war lords. The invention escapes me right now, but the melodrama is taut, packs surprises, has humor. Rex Harrison, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul von Hernreid are the three competent principals. Carol Reed's direction is excellent.

**VITAL STATISTICS: This was called In Disguise in England. It was shot there. . . . Margaret Lockwood was born in Karachi, India, daughter of the chief engineer of one of India's railways. Educated in England, she became interested in theatricals at school. Then the stage, after dramatic school. Tried Hollywood, but nobody much noticed her work. She's an avid movie fan. Goes to all the pictures, she says. . . . In late October the Germans dropped a bomb on a movie-producing unit at the Denham studios, some fifteen miles from London, narrowly missing Miss Lockwood. Two members of the company were killed. . . . Rex Harrison is a typical British juvenile. Started stage career in 1924 with the Liverpool Repertoire Theater. After two years, graduated to touring companies, then West End London debut in 1930. Next, Broadway.**

Margaret Lockwood in the new British-made thriller, Night Train.

★
4 STARS: EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS: EXCELLENT
★ 2 STARS: GOOD ★
1 STAR: POOR
0 STAR: VERY POOR
★

### ★ ★½ VICTORY

THE PLAYERS: Fredric March, Betty Field, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Sig Rumann, Margaret Wycherly, Jerome Cowan, Fritz Feld, Lionel Royce, Rafaela Ottiano, Chester Gan. Screen play by John L. Balderston based on Joseph Conrad's novel. Directed by John Cromwell. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 79 minutes.

JOSEPH CONRAD completed his novel twenty-six years ago, in May, 1914, when the war clouds of Armageddon No. 1 were about to break. Conrad wrote of a recluse, Axel Heyst, taught by his philosopher father to avoid humanity and shun emotions, who lived on an almost deserted Pacific island, three days' sail from Java, with only a Chinese servant. Then to the island came a lonely girl from a touring girls' orchestra. In her trail came a real emotion, as well as three ruthless murderous adventurers.

This filming of Victory sexes up Mr. Conrad's yarn, John Cromwell's direction gives it a theatric, forced quality. Victory, as celluloided here, never seems completely real. I like Fredric March's performance as the shunner of life, Axel Heyst, well enough. Betty Field is a personable Alma, pianist of the Makanoff girls' orchestra. Sir Cedric Hardwicke makes the sinister woman hater, Mr. Jones, fairly vivid.

**VITAL STATISTICS: Fredric March was escorting Betty Field to the set. The studio halls are lined with pictures of stars. "Gracious," exclaimed Betty, "who is that atrocity?" "That," sighed March, "is some ham made up as Hyde in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Did Betty blush! In that role March won an Academy award. . . . Background shots proved a problem. An independent producer, Dr. J. C. Cook, making travel pictures, was hired by cable to make several thousand feet of film of the islands and jungles. Then came war, France fell, Holland was occupied. In order to get the film to Hollywood, it was sent across Java by train, to Indo-China by boat, flown by chartered plane to Singapore, shipped to Manila, taken to America by Pacific Clipper—15,000 miles in all. . . . No location work during the whole shooting, not even Catalina. Some boat stuff was shot at Baldwin Lake, near Santa Anita. . . . Dr. Eduard F. Winckler, a Hollander who had spent much of his life in the Dutch East Indies, was technical adviser. . . . After two and a half years in Tobacco Road on Broadway, Margaret Wycherly plays a leading part here, speaks exactly three lines—total, eleven words. Shortest vocal important role on record. . . . Jerome Cowan, who specializes in bad men, had to learn how to handle a Malay creese, which is a double-edged knife. Cowan always makes it a point to chat with his victims offstage before he pretends to damage 'em. "I just can't bring myself to knock off a total stranger," he says. "Think nothing of it," replied Freddie March to that. "I couldn't possibly be carved by a nicer guy."**

### ★ ★½ LONDON CAN TAKE IT

Filmed by the British Ministry of War Information, distributed in America by the Warner Brothers. Running time, 9 minutes.

A SHORT lens-witness account of London from dusk to dawn through an air raid, with Britons crowding raid shelters at twilight,

No. 101

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streets growing deserted, searchlights piercing the skies, enemy planes dropping high explosives, fire fighters struggling over ruins to stem the flames; dawn, with life awakening to go through another harried day. It's all the symphony of war, as the commentator, Quentin Reynolds, the American writer, points out. Reynolds does an excellent job. This is obvious propaganda, yet with something fine in spirit and courage. You won't forget it easily.

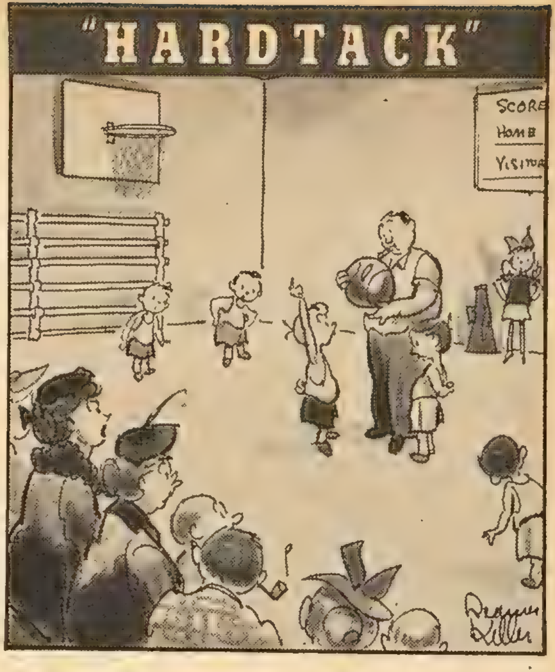
### ★ MEXICAN SPITFIRE OUT WEST

THE PLAYERS: Lupe Velez, Leon Errol, Donald Woods, Elisabeth Risdon, Cecil Kellaway, Linda Hayes, Lydia Bilbrook, Charles Coleman, Charles Quigley, Eddie Dunn, Grant Withers, Tom Kennedy. Screen play by Charles E. Roberts and Jack Townley from a story by Mr. Roberts. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 76 minutes.

THIS is the third in the Lupe Velez series revolving around Carmelita, the little spitfire bride. Any moment now you may expect Mexican Spitfire at Harvard, or Mexican Spitfire in Wall Street.

The novelty here lies in the fact that Leon Errol, who does the blundering uncle of Lupe's young husband, plays also an eccentric whacky English earl important to hubby in a big advertising deal. Errol not only does Uncle Matt and the earl but he does unkie imitating Earl Epping to help his nephew out of a jam, along with a burlesque cockney servant he invents for the occasion. It's all a little confusing and pretty dull. Lupe Velez is not my dish, I regret to report.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** Lupe Velez likes to spend part of each year going places. Now the war limits her migrations to South America only. Which may mean appearing in a revue in Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro, or a dancing-singing engagement in a Mexican cabaret. Lupe, by the way, is thirty-one. Born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. . . . Leon Errol, the man with the rubber legs, was a favorite in the Australian varieties before he was starred in the Ziegfeld Follies. Errol was born in Sydney, Australia. . . . Linda Hayes was a hat-check girl in the Royal Hawaiian, a night club in Frisco, when she entered Jesse Lasky's Gateway to Hollywood talent quest. Name was then Rochelle Germano. Hails from a farm near Sac City, Iowa.



"Imagine that! They're ready to start the game and Hardtack wants to be excused!"

### FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent, Our Town, The Baker's Wife.

★★★½—The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm.

★★★—They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife.

## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 46

1—Switzerland, where he went after the Nazis drove him from Germany.

2—The number of pounds in a long ton, used in Great Britain.

3—Scientists are pretty much agreed that there is life there—of a vegetable character. But human life—that is a moot point.

4—There is no flag on Monticello, Jefferson's home.

5—In early days host and guests sipped from the same cup, to show that no poison was in the drink.

6—Vox Dei. The complete phrase means: The voice of the people is the voice of God.

7—No. Tin cans are made of iron dipped in melted tin.

8—The American cowboys' term for a motherless calf, or any lost calf.

9—Harry Houdini, the famous escape artist.

10—Sir Roger de Coverley, a famous character of the Spectator.

11—Noah Webster's Spelling Book, used as a basic textbook by hundreds of persons, mainly those trekking West.

12—In 1785, in a balloon, between Dover and Guignes.

13—In olden days some farmers used to substitute a cat in a bag for a suckling pig and try to sell the cat in the bag as a pig. If the cat got out before the sale was completed, well—

14—Jeff Davis, "King" of American hobos.

15—A hare.

16—The altitude on a mountain above which the snow never melts.

17—Yes. Soap made with potash never completely hardens and is known as "soft soap."

18—Broadway, which runs from lower Manhattan to Albany, a distance of 150 miles.

19—Legend has it that the same man posed for Christ and Judas, at different times in his life.

20—Brigham Young, leader of the Mormons.

## Liberty's Patriotic

# UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION

## Quiz Contest

THE five questions on the Constitution of the United States which bring this patriotic contest to a close appear at the bottom of this column. When you have answered them your set of thirteen weekly quizzes will be complete.

In preparing your answer sheets for presentation to the judges, please make sure that your full name and permanent address are plainly written or printed on either the first or last sheet of your entry. Do not prepare an elaborately decorated or fancy presentation. Ornamentation of this nature will have no bearing on the final rating of your entry. Simplicity is best. Concentrate on accuracy. Liberty has propounded no "trick" questions in this contest. Each question has been presented as simply and directly as possible. Do not look for hidden angles or catches. Our object has been a straightforward examination of the Constitution that would familiarize every contestant with the framework of our government and the right guaranteed to every citizen thereunder.

The judges will undertake to establish the winners with all speed compatible with absolute fairness to every contestant, and prize checks will be mailed without delay. Announcement of winners will be made in the first available issue of Liberty after the results are handed down by the judges.

Liberty can still supply a limited number of reprints of the Constitution. If you desire a copy for future reference, enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing and address your request as directed in Rule 8. Because of the flood of contest entries which must be handled between now and December 18, the closing date of the contest, immediate filling of such requests cannot be guaranteed. However, all orders will be filled as rapidly as they can be separated from other contest material.

### UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION QUIZ No. 13

1. **Article No. 2 of the Constitution deals with what broad subject?**
2. **Who, under the Constitution, is guaranteed compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor?**
3. **How may a senator or representative be expelled from the Senate or the House?**
4. **May Congress tax income without regard to census or enumeration?**
5. **Tell in 100 words or less which of the twenty-one amendments to the Constitution of the United States you feel is most important to you personally, and why. You need not quote the amendment; simply give the number as title for your statement.**

### PRIZE SCHEDULE

| | |
|---|---|
| **FIRST PRIZE** | **$ 500** |
| **SECOND PRIZE** | **250** |
| **THIRD PRIZE** | **100** |
| **FOURTH PRIZE** | **50** |
| **FIFTY PRIZES, each $10** | **500** |
| **220 PRIZES, each $5** | **1,100** |
| **TOTAL PRIZES** | **$2,500** |

### THE RULES

1. Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated December 7, 1940, Liberty will publish a set of questions on the Constitution of the United States.
2. To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath. In answering, wherever possible state first the Article of the Constitution, second the Section, and finally, while you are not restricted as to the number of words you can use, for the sake of brevity use the fewest words possible, preferably words selected direct from the Constitution. When answers are found in the Amendments, substitute the word "Amendment" for "Article" when writing your answers.
3. Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when you will have a set of thirteen coupons and the requisite answers. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
6. Entries will be judged upon the accuracy and logic of the answers given.
7. On this basis, the best entry will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded the $250 Second Prize, $100 Third Prize, and $50 Fourth Prize, in the order of their excellence. The fifty next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 220 next best entries will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
8. All entries must be submitted by First Class mail, addressed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, December 18, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

# Murder Over Brooklyn—The Exploits of Bill O'Dwyer

FULTON OURSLER

**PERHAPS YOU** have read in the newspapers stories now and then about the cash-and-carry killers of Brooklyn. You may know in a general way something of that incredible syndicate of death which was broken by an extraordinarily competent Irishman, District Attorney Bill O'Dwyer. But the true inwardness of this grisly spectacle, often called Murder, Incorporated, has never been clearly set forth. Next week Frederick L. Collins will take you behind the scenes in this fantastic drama of men who went into the business of killing on order. For whom did these 1940 assassins work? For divers and sundry interests, among them the organized gamblers and certain racketeering labor unions. You will read of many crimes, of many ways in which the law was for a long time outwitted. Eminent figures will appear at unexpected moments in this almost unbelievable story, and when you come to the final chapter, which deals with the officially unsolved Ferreri murder case, there will be many startling questions in your mind. Don't miss the opening chapter of these disclosures of Brooklyn thuggee—murder not as the fine art of which De Quincey wrote but murder as cold-blooded business, very bloody. The story of Bill O'Dwyer's fight against entrenched corrupt power is more than the story of a great Irishman. It is the story of a new triumph for decency, for democracy. As such it has a meaning for every American citizen. What goes on in your town? At least our democracy has retained its perspective; murder is still a crime and good humor a national American characteristic. That is no longer true elsewhere in the world.

**DID YOU KNOW, FOR INSTANCE,** that joy has been outlawed in Japan? It is a crime to feel sunny-hearted in the Land of the Rising Sun. Those of you who have been in Tokyo will never forget the soft shuffle and clop-clop of the getas, pretty wooden shoes worn by the women in their flowery kimonos as they parade past shop windows in the Ginza. No more of that. The Japanese women have to stay at home now. Window shopping is not allowed. All walking is frowned on, unless one goes on a definite errand. Japanese lady or man must not laugh. Why? Well, any one who knows economic conditions of Japan at war might well ask instead, "What have the Japanese got to laugh at, anyway?" The people of Nippon are a joyous race at heart. They are sobered now only by government edict, the reasons for which are well set forth in an informative and highly interesting article next week by Walter Karig. He is the same Walter Karig who came home from a long spell in the Far East to write his notable book, Asia's Good Neighbor. You won't want to miss this one.

**AND I THINK YOU WILL ENJOY** other fine articles and stories in our next issue. Especially recommended are Five Minutes a Day Will Bring You Health and Strength, by Jack Dempsey; Keeping Up with the Jukeses, by Barbara Wake; and The Third Step to Success, by Walter B. Pitkin. Certainly you will enjoy the short stories, Woman Trouble, by Grace Sartwell Mason, and Design for Loving, by Frederick Wight. Exciting installments of Death Waits for a Lady, by Whitman Chambers; Fu Manchu and the Panama Canal, by Sax Rohmer; the startling conclusion of Du Barry 1940, by Frederick Collins; and all your favorite departments make up a really exciting issue.

**SALMAGUNDI:** A new gift shop has just been opened in the little town of Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts. All sorts of knickknacks are for sale. The name of the shop is Salmagundi. Curious how words get around. Some years ago, writing about the ecstatic pundits among Washington bureaucrats, I called them "starry-eyed idealists." The phrase caught on and now I encounter it everywhere. Which makes me remember a luncheon in Hollywood years ago. There were three of us at the table: Grace Perkins, the novelist; Frances Marion, famous scenario writer; and myself. We agreed that we would each select an uncommon word which we would begin to use among the cinematographic intelligentsia. Each of us would wait for reports from the others when, as, and if they heard the word repeated. Grace Perkins selected the word "simony"; Frances Marion chose "vestigial"; I took "prolix." Within ten days we were hearing these three words everywhere. I think it was Frances who finally remarked that we had "simonized Hollywood, out where the vestigial begins, and it all happened prolixity split." . . . From Bentonsport, Van Buren County, Iowa: "May I ask how you came by the name Fulton? My name is Mary Ann Fulton, but because I had a twin brother Jimmie I was called Minnie, and am proud to sign myself, Very respectfully, Minnie Fulton." I was named for the Rev. Dr. Charles Fulton of Boundary Baptist Church in Baltimore. "Many," he used to say, Minnie, "are called, but few are chosen." . . . In the Hawaiian language the word *paahao* means "prisoner." In today's mail I received a copy of a magazine called the Paahao Press—a publication "dedicated to the loved ones of all prisoners" and issued monthly by the inmates of Oahu Prison in Honolulu. The Paahao Press is a credit to its editors. It has a varnished cover of cartoon design; it has serious articles, sports news, editorials, and a lot of good poetry and funny though ancient jokes. Who could fail to be touched by this?

### VALEDICTORY
By Smiley

I'm a dithyrambic stanza;
  I'm a rhapsody insane;
I'm a "bug doctor's" bonanza;
  Something's atrophied my brain.
I'm a source of irritation
  To the decently sedate—
Full of gay regurgitation
  From a rich ambrosial plate.
I'm a glorified delusion,
  And I stimulate the sorrow
Of my cellmates in profusion.
  Whee! I'm going home tomorrow.

☆

**THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.**
**FULTON OURSLER.**

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Liberty
The American Way of Life

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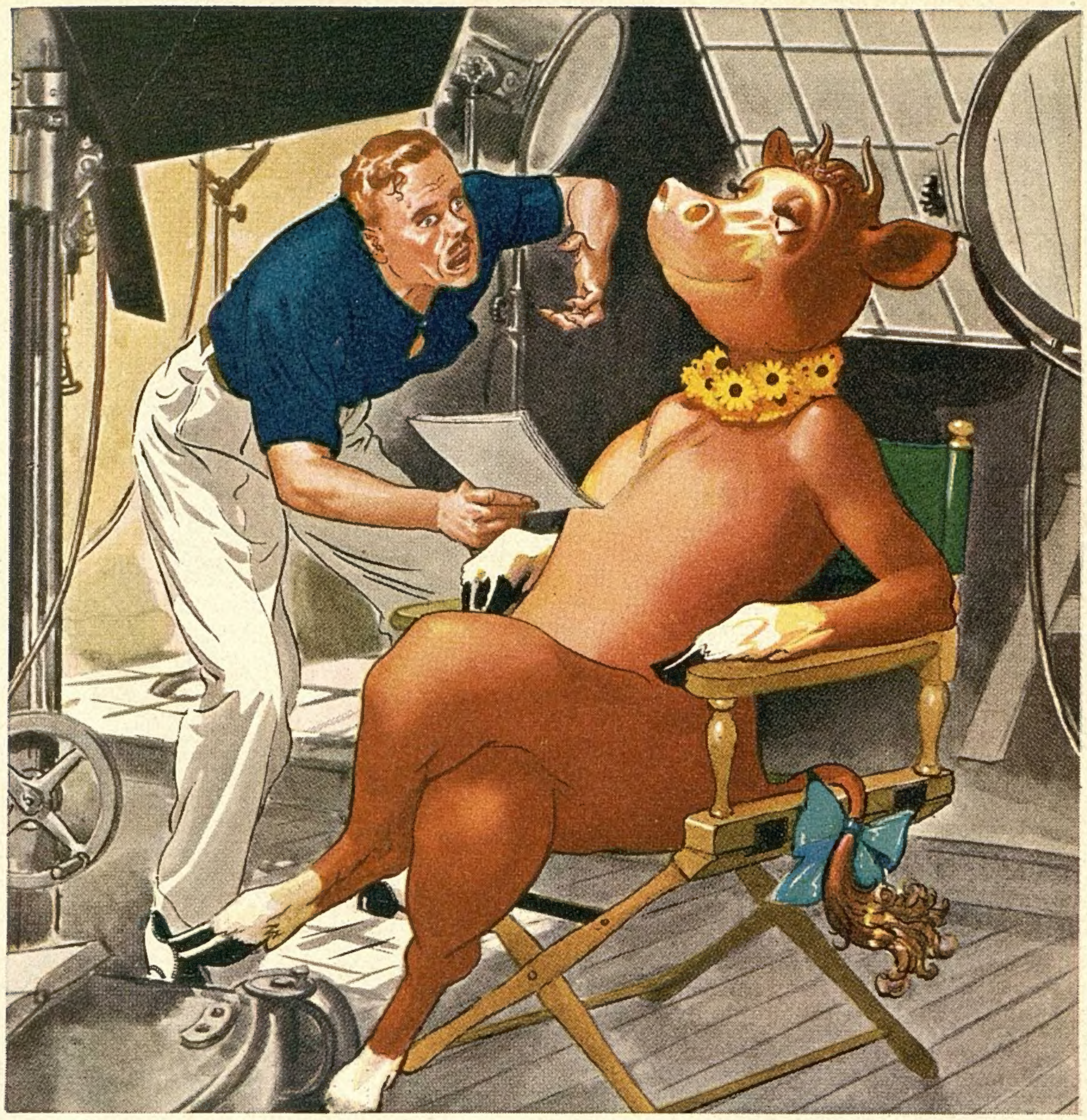
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY J. F. KERNAN



# "You don't have to tell *me* about 'LITTLE MEN'!"

"BUT I'VE *GOT* TO," sputtered the Fourth Assistant Director to Elsie, the Borden Cow. "I've got to get you ready for 'Little Men'!"

"What nonsense," chuckled Elsie. "Borden care and Borden experts see to it that I'm *always* ready for little men, and little women, too—with the wonderfully pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* they need and deserve. In fact, my milk's so extra good it helps to make heaps of other extra good foods for men and women of all sizes."

"I'm talking about our *picture,* Elsie—the movie we're making called 'Little Men'," cried the F. A. D., waving a script under Elsie's nose. "How can we get it made if you don't know your lines?"

"But I *do,*" mooed Elsie confidently. "Take the line of *Borden's Fine Cheeses.* I know the whole score by heart—all tempting, flavorful, grand as can be, because they're made from my milk. Creamy, golden-crusted Liederkranz is just one noble example—the grand dessert cheese that's 100% American in origin."

CLAP HANDS FOR LIEDERKRANZ!
LIEDERKRANZ
CHEESE

"That's not the kind of line that'll put your personality over," wailed the F. A. D. despairingly. "You've got to learn how to appeal to mothers and fathers—to young and old!"

"Then you can begin shooting right now," beamed Elsie. "The *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* I help produce not only contributes to such dinner-table hits as lovely cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes—it's also approved by physicians for infant formulas because it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D. And as for young and old . . ."

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED IS RICH IN VITAMIN D!
Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK

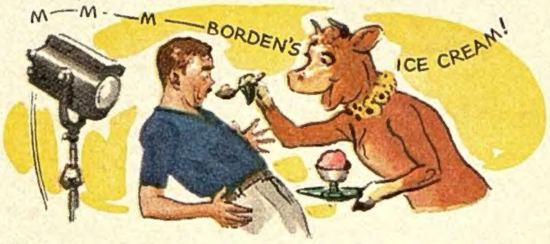
"You're making *me* old before my time," moaned the F. A. D., popping a handful of aspirin tablets into his mouth.

Elsie went on happily . . . "Young and old are fans from away back for the marvelous cake frostings and cookies and candies that are made like magic with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.* Goodness, you look as though *you* could use one of my biggest successes right now . . ."

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND IS MAGIC!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES

"What's that?" asked the hot, red-faced little man dazedly.

*"Borden's Ice Cream,"* replied Elsie. "It's so cool, refreshing, utterly delightful. But there—I suppose I've been blowing my own horn a bit too much, haven't I?"


M—M—M—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"I've sort of got the idea that you're responsible for everything good to eat that's ever been thought of," answered the F. A. D. rather vigorously.

"That's not quite true, then," explained Elsie good-naturedly. "My milk doesn't go into *Borden's None Such Mince Meat,* for instance. But None Such is deliciously spicy and good because of the same kind of Borden skill and care that has made all my products so fine. So you see now, don't you, why we really needn't worry about our movie, 'Little Men,' being a big hit?"

NO MINCE MEAT LIKE BORDEN'S NONE-SUCH!
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

"Why?" gasped the F. A. D. weakly. "Why, Elsie?"

"When folks see that *I've* made it, they're bound to buy tickets just as fast as you can print them," said Elsie. "Because they've all learned . . . *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good'!"*

* * *

***See Elsie, the Borden Cow, herself in RKO's delightful new movie production of "Little Men" as soon as it comes to your theater. You'll enjoy seeing Elsie perform with such famous stars as Kay Francis, Jack Oakie, George Bancroft, and many others.***

—if it's Borden's
it's got to be good

COPYRIGHT 1940, THE BORDEN COMPANY

## HE BOWLS WITH EXTRA SPEED AND EXTRA POWER——

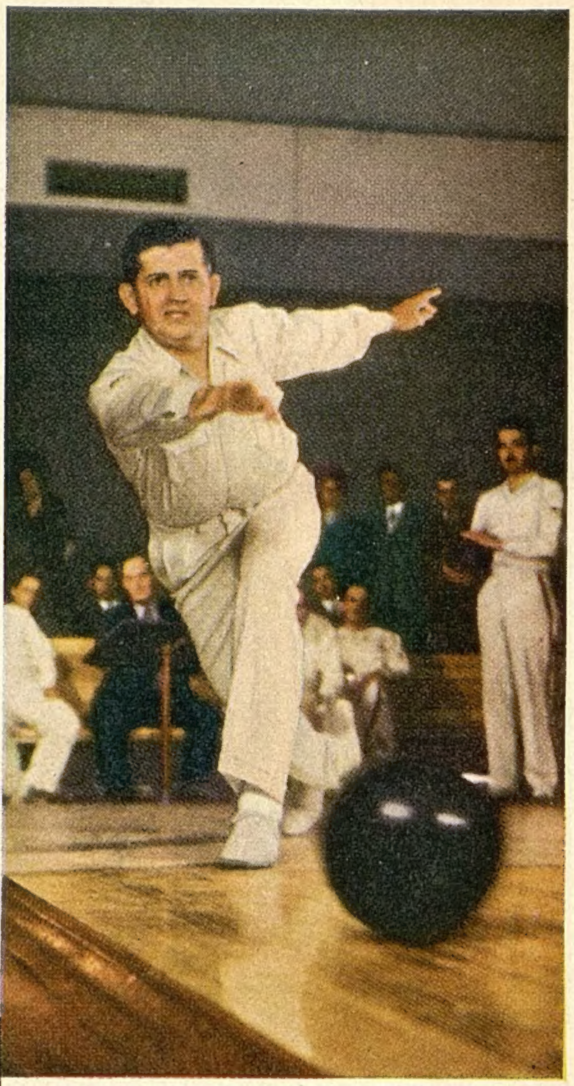
# SMOKES CAMELS FOR EXTRA PLEASURE

**His *"Fireball"* made him a bowling champion. Slower burning won Joe Norris to Camel cigarettes**

*WHAT A MAN* in a bowling alley! He was the "boy wonder" a decade ago. Today, with a long list of national titles at his belt, the bowling world still wonders just how he gets such pin-blasting power and such hair-line control . . . such *extra* power and *extra* control!

No question, though, how Joe Norris gets the extras in his cigarette. He turned to the slower-burning brand . . . Camel . . . for extra mildness and found several other pleasing extras as well, including extra smoking.

*Slower burning . . . costlier tobaccos*—what pleasure they can add to smoking! More mildness and coolness because Camels are free from the irritating effects of too-fast burning. More flavor—because slow burning lets the flavor come through. And along with all that extra pleasure—extra smoking per pack (*see below, right*).



THIS IS the *"Fireball."* Joe Norris (*above*) uses a two-finger mineralite ball with narrow grip—a quick-breaking hook—throws one of the fastest balls in bowling. But no speed . . . no fast burning . . . for Joe in his cigarette. It's always slow-burning Camels. He says: "Camels give me the extra mildness I want."

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"THOSE EXTRAS IN CAMELS SCORE WITH ME EVERY TIME— ESPECIALLY THE EXTRA MILDNESS AND FLAVOR —— CAMEL'S SLOWER WAY OF BURNING GIVES ME A NICE BIT OF EXTRA SMOKING, TOO"

Joe Norris

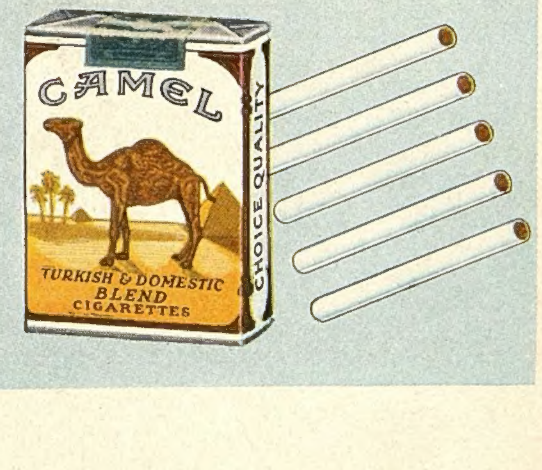
**EXTRA MILDNESS**

**EXTRA COOLNESS**

**EXTRA FLAVOR**

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

## 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



## GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

**THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS**